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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Rose and Gray

MR. BERNARD FAY has recently been complaining that American writers do not study the genuine American traits of optimism, reticence, energy, being too much influenced by their good old English, or their racy new German and Scandinavian, models. His assumption is that here is the American just waiting to be depicted, and all that you have to do is to look hard at him.

Foreigners are always regretting that their particular conception of a national temperament does not get into that nation's literature. It is one of the easiest forms of literary criticism. The Italian, as we all know, is vivacious, histrionic, impetuous; hence if Italian literature does not so depict him, there is something wrong with American literature! It would be better to ask whether American novels are good. If they are good it is because they are convincing, and if they are convincing the chances are that the native characters are true Americans.

Unfortunately there is no such thing as a man standing four-square and just waiting to be taken over into fiction. What he is essentially like no one will ever know, not even himself; what he will be like when he is put into a book depends upon what the author sees in him, and what the author sees depends upon his own mood and temperament.

This month there were published two good American novels, "Teeftallow," by T. S. Stribling, and "Hill-Billy," by Rose Wilder Lane. "Teeftallow" and "Hill-Billy" are both stories of primitive mountain people in contact with the dwellers of scarcely less primitive American towns. In both a young hill-billy makes his way toward civilization through the same environment of ignorance, superstition, and un- and often immorality. The episodes are much the same, the plots, so far as there are plots, are resemblant, the characters almost duplicate each for each throughout the stories; in both books there is the identical theme of simplicity in conflict with the sophisticated world, puzzled by it, and puzzling it. The scene of one story is in Eastern Tennessee, of the other across the Mississippi in the Ozarks, where the settlers came from Tennessee.

One book is probably as true as the other, although there is a far wider range of fact in "Teeftallow" and a much heavier charge of sentiment in "Hill-Billy." The superb imagism of the southern mountain dialect is better caught in "Hill-Billy," the bitter fruit of illiteracy and prejudice ripens inexorably only in "Teeftallow." Abimelech, the long, shrewd hero of "Hill-Billy," wins his law suits with a tricky cleverness that is applauded by his creator; the same tricks and evasions appear in "Teeftallow" as signs of the debased morality of the mountaineers! Stribling's folk have no sense of beauty and only the roughest of humor; Miss Lane's can be as witty as a shepherd of Theocritus; but then those who know the mountain people know both kinds, or rather both aspects. It all depends how you see them. If you are thinking of sanitation, morality, tolerance, civilization, you conceive of the hill-billy in Stribling's fashion;—not quite, however, for he has a deadly grip upon the grim facts of real life where life is rough, that no mere sociologist would ever get. But if you like quaintness, simplicity, naïve poetry, loyalty, then it will be Rose Wilder Lane's people that you will see. What they do at night, what happens in the end, what their ignorance results in when the moment is not quaint and you are no longer merely an onlooker, does not concern you.

The reviewer remarks that all this is very simple; these are the same people, but one book is realism the other is romance. He is right of course, but what good does that do! The question is not of terms but as to which kind of truth is more convincing. At dawn romance is real, at high noon the only truth may be realism. But perverse humanity must always make a choice and read its own mood into the story. The stark unsparing story of gross, simple souls, the poetic sketch of strong simplicity are one and the same Life. Though the first may recall "Lorna Doone" and the other the Scandinavians, both in fact are the American scene viewed through the eternally fluctuating moods of universal human nature.

If we are going to argue about books, let us not waste time over supposed American traits, or think that we have settled anything by calling out "romance" or "realism." The essential questions for a novel are, "Does the author know enough of life? Can he tell what he knows?" There is enough there to test the resources of critical subtlety.

Annunciation

By LOLA RIDGE

BUT for the violets . . .
and earth a gigantic bulb battened down with stone . . .
violets
at which the wind
makes little shambling rushes,
unsteady wind,
milk-warm and dewy at the mouth,
stumbling and rising again,
smelling of the violets . . .
and but for the wind
scattering
such scented hearsay,
one might not veer
on this unleavened stone
to the sharp pull of earth
at tension with the violets—
one might hurry on unknowing over the cancelled spring,
spring . . . horned green
and curly as a ram's head . . .
desperately butting against the concrete.

This Week

"The Life of Benito Mussolini." Reviewed by *Olin D. Wannamaker.*

"My Apprenticeship." Reviewed by *Philip Coan.*

"It Isn't Done." Reviewed by *Ernest Sutherland Bates.*

Next Week or Later

The first of a series of monthly articles, entitled "Literature Abroad," by *Ernest Boyd,* discussing critically the more important new books from continental Europe.

D. H. Lawrence as Poet

By RICHARD ALDINGTON

IF a difficult problem were being set for what Mr. Bennett calls the "young aspirant" in criticism, there could scarcely be found a better topic than Mr. D. H. Lawrence. He is not the sort of man who becomes master of Balliol or an Oracle to thoughtful, cautious *rentiers.* His personality is abrupt, independent, and unreliable. His writings are full of faults and also of possible qualities. You can dislike him irrelevantly, because you have the Anglo-Saxon complex about sexual matters or because you share the pedant's follies about correctness and "models" or because you hate a man with a red beard. You may like him equally irrelevantly, because you share his lust for metaphysics, or because you think he has a working hypothesis of Love and Hate, or because he was stupidly persecuted during the war. But the point I wish to make about Mr. Lawrence's work in general, and his poetry in particular, is simply this; he is a great artist in words. And he is an artist almost unconsciously, certainly without troubling about it. To me it is a matter of indifference whether Mr. Lawrence's philosophical and psychological notions are accurate and original or not. (Who wants to argue Dante's theology or Tasso's history?) What I seek in poetry is poetry. In some of Mr. Lawrence's free verse I seem to find it.

Like many writers of wayward and independent genius, Mr. Lawrence has been more influenced by contemporaries—often far less gifted—than he or his professed admirers would admit. Take his three salient books of poetry, "Amores," "Look, We Have Come Through," and "Birds, Beasts, and Flowers." The first is not a little Georgian; the second shows the influence of the Imagists; the third of the modern Americans. A tendency to redundant and merely decorative language in the first book is purged away in the next, which shows a tight discipline, and this is abandoned in turn for a reckless liberty and colloquialism in the last. But, in a larger sense, these are mere accidents of form, and are more interesting to other poets than to the public. The permanent interest of Mr. Lawrence's poetry lies in his essentially poetical way of seeing and feeling. That poetic mind is startlingly present in his novels. Even the preface to the "M. M." book contains that marvellous evocation of the Italian hill monastery; even the *Dial* articles gave us the vivid and penetrating dance of the Indians. These things live in one's mind with a special vitality of impression given us only by great poetry. And the wonderful thing is that this is given us, not by some long dead and consecrated master, but by a living man who has passed through the same great events as ourselves, whose work, therefore, has a peculiar poignancy and meaning for us, such as it will never have for the future which can only make up in reverence for prestige what we gain from intimacy and sympathy.

In judging poetry, remember Schlegel's "Internal excellence is alone decisive," and "there is no monopoly of poetry for particular ages and nations." What is it one admires in Mr. Lawrence's poetry? It seems to me he is one of the small number of men who think, feel, and live for themselves, a man intensely alert to the life of the senses and the mind, whose great purpose and pleasure are the explanation of himself and the universe. Add to this the talent for conveying these discoveries in

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poetic symbols. Mr. Lawrence lives poetically. I don't mean that he dresses a part or is languishing or literary or any of the stock libels of the ignorant; I mean that he apprehends the world directly by images. How useless is the discussion about Mr. Lawrence's "attitudes," and whether he has taken the wrong or the right philosophical path! *D'abord il faut être poète.* And a poet is the antithesis of the English gentleman, educated or the reverse. In our society, and in all over-organized societies, poetry either droops heavily and wearily or dances and giggles politely, or the poet becomes an outcast. Even Voltaire was an outcast in an unpoetical society. For it is the glory of a poet like Mr. Lawrence that he does not accept a ready-made existence, that he scorns futile social laws, amusements, behavior, all herd-suggestions, and tastes the dangerous voluptuousness of living.

Take Mr. Lawrence's poems and observe how absolutely free his mind and body are; his revolt against stale, tame lives is perhaps too vehement and scornful, but how comprehensible! See the pallid senses, the cautious, confined spiritual and mental life of our tame intellectuals and *arrivistes*, and then observe the sensual richness, the emotional variety, of Mr. Lawrence. "Better to see straight on a pound a week, than squint on a million," said Mr. G. B. Shaw; and better, how much better, to starve and suffer and endure pangs of intolerable pleasure and bitter disappointment and ecstasies for the love of beauty with Lawrence, an outcast, a wanderer, than to live in the dull monotony of comfort. "The world's good word, the Institute!" All that a man like Lawrence asks of the world is to be left alone; it is all the world can do for him.

Now that ecstasy for life and beauty blows through Mr. Lawrence, as he says, "like a fine wind," and he has an almost mystic sense of loyalty to his talent:

> If only I let it bear me, carry me, if only it carry me!
> If only I am sensitive, subtle, oh, delicate, a winged gift!
> If only, most lovely of all, I yield myself and am borrowed
> By the fine, fine wind that takes its course through the chaos of the world
> Like a fine, an exquisite chisel, a wedge-blade inserted;
> If only I am keen and hard like the sheer tip of a wedge
> Driven by invisible blows,
> The rock shall split, we shall come at the wonder, we shall find the Hesperides.
> Oh, for the wonder that bubbles into my soul,
> I would be a good fountain, a good well-head,
> Would blur no whisper, spoil no expression.

"Sensitive, subtle, delicate," these Mr. Lawrence is indeed in his poetry, though he has other and uglier moods, the worst of which is the poetical equivalent to that little mocking titter of his—a useful thing, though, to keep him hard and unsentimental. Perhaps that sense of mockery has been as valuable as his fearlessness in exploring and expressing a whole country of emotions into which nearly all contemporary English poets are afraid to penetrate. They are eaten up with the disease of self-love and respectability. Mr. Lawrence is a poet as untramelled as an Elizabethan. To me he seems one of the last authentic voices of the great but decaying English people. Angry revolt against the grey, servile, querulous, futile, base personalities of the world, stabs Mr. Lawrence to almost hysterical denunciation:

> I long to see its chock-full crowdedness
> And glutted squirming populousness on fire
> Like a field of filthy weeds
> Burnt back to ash
> And then to see the new, real souls spring up.

I do not think that Mr. Lawrence is at his best in such passages, but they have a sinister significance for those who understand the meaning of poetry in human life. It should be sinister, at least for modern society to know that its best poets despair of it utterly, as they do. Life, said Marcus Aurelius, may be lived well even in a palace; but in a ruthless, mechanistic commercialism—? If the poetry of D. H. Lawrence is largely a revolt, it is a revolt against a non-human scale of values.

Frederick A. Stokes Company and *The Forum* announce a $7,500 prize for the best American biographical novel, closing March 1, 1927. The competition, which will be handled through Curtis Brown, Ltd., is open to all authors, regardless of residence or nationality.

Two Pillar Puritans

THOMAS CARTWRIGHT AND ELIZABETHAN PURITANISM. By A. F. Scott Pearson. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1925.

A LIFE OF THE REVEREND RICHARD BAXTER (1615-1691). By Frederick J. Powicke. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1925. $4.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF RICHARD BAXTER. Edited by J. M. Lloyd Thomas. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1925. $3.

Reviewed by Rufus M. Jones
Haverford College

JUST when many present day writers are thanking God that the last of the Puritans has passed away, here come two highly important books which make the father of Puritanism and the great seventeenth century preacher of it live again and seem real to us. Richard Baxter is by far the more interesting of the two and the book about his life is more fascinatingly written, but Thomas Cartwright is a rugged and robust figure in religious history and he deserved to have this honest, solid, scholarly book written about him and his fellow laborers and opponents. Dr. Pearson's book is a sound piece of research for which all scholars in this field will be grateful. For lay readers it would have been better to put the extensive Latin extracts from historical documents in foot notes and to make translations of them for the text, but I can testify as one reader that I have gone through these five hundred pages with unflagging interest and with deep appreciation of the author's immense labors. Cartwright was a good sixteenth century scholar, an impressive preacher, a hard fighter with spiritual weapons, a constant sufferer from persecution, an inspiring leader always valiant and heroic, and he exhibits the stiff unyielding temper of a reformer of doctrine and polity. This volume makes very clear that Cartwright was as resolute as Knox in his determination to wipe out episcopacy and to establish the Presbyterian system of Church Government. He was also, on the other hand, a vigorous opponent of the Brownist party which was ultra-Puritanic and which was endeavoring to set up a free congregational system of Church Government. Cartwright was, too, intensely hostile to the enthusiastic Anabaptists who were trying amidst great difficulties to reproduce the Apostolic Church in the world of that day and to follow Christ's way of life. It is strange to find this banished and hunted reformer of Christian doctrine and polity stoutly affirming that the most extreme punishment must be ruthlessly meted out to those who deviate from the faith once delivered." His lack of toleration was due in part to the spirit and atmosphere of his time and in part to the intensity and corresponding narrowness of his convictions. He always reveals "the fiery positive" in word and deed and he draws a fringeless line between "truth" and "false opinion," and as for him—he has found the truth!

* * *

Richard Baxter of Kidderminster is a noble soul.

> I like a church; I like a cowl;
> I love a prophet of the soul;
> . . . . . .
> Yet not for all his faith can see
> Would I that cowled Churchman be.

No, fine, noble and saintly though he was, few of us would like to wear his boots and refight the theological battles of the Civil War, the Commonwealth, and the Restoration. It was a hard, bitter, and for the most part, contracted fight. Baxter was a great preacher and by his better instincts a broad and inclusive spirit, but he had the misfortune to be swept into a host of controversies which could easily have been avoided if his conscience had not been so very acute and his convictions so intense. It is sad to see the good man so hot against the Quakers and so doggedly opposed to his great contemporary George Fox, but as so often happens in cyclonic spiritual weather they could not see each other's position and they misunderstood the finer implications of their faith. Both were downright honest and sincere, "pure as a bell," and at the same time "stiff as a tree." Dr. Powicke is only stating the plain facts when he says that Baxter's characteristic qualities were "readiness of mind, inherent honesty, amplitude of knowledge, fairness, clear moral insight, and tact or sureness of touch." It would be difficult to find any pastor of a flock who could honestly report such strikingly fruitful results of his ministry as marked the ministry of Baxter, or such a transformation of a town as that which occurred in Kidderminster during the period of his labors. He says with a noble humility:

> When I came thither first, there was about one Family in a street that worshipped God and called upon his Name, and when I came away there were some Streets where there was not past one Family in the side of a Street that did not so; and that did not by professing serious Godliness give us hopes of their sincerity. . . . We had 600 that were Communicants, of whom there was not twelve that I have not good hopes of, as to their sincerity.

At the Restoration, this godly man, the best cure of souls and the greatest preacher in all England, was deprived of his Church and separated forever from the beloved flock whom he had really brought from darkness into light. In spite of his lifelong controversies he was loving, gentle, and broad in sympathy. His motto was "Unity in things necessary, Liberty in things Unnecessary, and Charity in all." He once said: "While we wrangle in the dark, we are dying and passing to the World that will decide our controversies; and the safest passage thither is by *peaceable Holiness.*" "I earnestly advise you," he wrote, "that you never take Faction for Religion nor betraying Truth for its Defence." "God," he once declared, "will never cast a soul into Hell that truly loveth Him."

Most opportunely, just as fresh interest was awakened concerning this great Puritan preacher, J. M. Lloyd Thomas has edited, in admirable fashion, the "Autobiography of Baxter." It was first published in 1696 in folio, under the title "Reliquiæ Baxterianiæ." This was edited by Mathew Sylvester. Edmund Calamy recast Baxter's Narrative, putting it into the third person instead of using the autobiographical first person of the original account. This so-called "Abridgment" was published in 1702 and became a Nonconformist classic. Mr. Thomas has wisely gone back to Baxter's own Narrative with its freshness and vividness of style, and has given it to the modern reader in somewhat reduced form, the less interesting and valuable sectionss being omitted. We have a convenient and comfortable-sized volume of three hundred pages together with a carefully written and penetrating Introduction of thirty-seven pages.

After Mr. Powicke and Mr. Thomas have finished with this interesting spiritual leader of the "lost cause," there is little left to be said. They have brought scholarship, affection, balanced judgment, and historical insight to their task. Here is a good example of Mr. Thomas's style of writing and his method of interpreting his character. Baxter's Puritanism, he says, "was intense and sincere, never eccentric, and after he had come to mature years, always marked by a rare sobriety and ripeness of judgment. His ethical severity was tempered by tender pity as well as by lyrical devotion which often caught fire and flamed into poetic and soaring eloquence." He happily calls Baxter "an artist in holiness." In one particular the present reviewer disagrees with the editor of the Autobiography. The latter ranks Baxter among the mystics. He admits that he can do so only by stretching out the somewhat elastic meaning of that "elusive word." It seems to me that it makes the word too elastic and too elusive, if one stretches it to cover Baxter's type of religion. He was fundamentally a Puritan. His religious faith rested upon a revelation made in remote centuries and recorded as the Word of God in a holy Book, which the accredited minister interprets to his age and generation. On the other hand a mystic is a person who believes—rightly or wrongly—that the soul is still oracular, that God continues to reveal Himself and, what is more important, that he, the so-called mystic, feels his own soul flooded and illumined by the divine presence revealed within. Baxter felt a real horror, as also the Massachusetts Puritans did, of the Quakers—not because they "quaked," but because they insisted on "the dwelling and working of the Spirit *in us*," and because "they spake in the manner of men inspired." Baxter is rightly called a "saint" and "an artist in holiness," but not, I think, "a mystic." Mr. Thomas predicts that Baxter will have "an enduring undatedness, a timeless element, which will survive all our fleeting modernity." I believe that is a safe prophecy.

During the convention of the American Booksellers' Association early this month in St. Louis, Dr. Arthur E. Bostwick, Librarian of the St. Louis Public Library and author of "The American Public Library," will have charge of Authors' Night.

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An Exquisite Lady

THE PORTRAIT OF ZELIDE. By GEOFFREY SCOTT. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1925. $3.75.

FOUR TALES BY ZELIDE. Translated by SYBIL SCOTT. The same.

Reviewed by CHARLES G. OSGOOD
Princeton University

THE "Portrait" is an engaging book—a brilliant product of Mr. Strachey's school of biography. It tells the story of Isabelle van Tuyll, afterwards Madame de Charrière, best known by her self-imposed nickname Zélide. Essentially sweet, amiable, intelligent, witty, detached, daring, her delicate soul was tossed and battered through a world of stodgy decorum, convention, and love-affairs, ending in disillusion, a loveless and formal marriage with a pedant, and long and dreary country life in a foreign land with in-laws. What wonder that at length she died reticent, scornful, inscrutable, defiant, and lonely. All this in scenes as various as the eighteenth-century society of Holland, England, Paris, and Switzerland could set.

How an intelligent being could worse manage her life it is hard to imagine. Her lovers included, among others, Boswell and Benjamin Constant. But love was one thing, marriage another; and the while she busied herself with intrigues for impossible loveless matches with Count Bellegarde and with an English libertine, Lord Wemyss, which never came off; and, as a last resort, condemned herself to long, cheerless years with her brother's tutor, de Charrière.

Zélide was perhaps her own worst enemy. Her speculation on life, her eternal analysis and comment, far overtopped her business of living—somewhat like the youngsters in "Rasselas." And amid the endless discussion of herself and of life, lasting all day and all night—discussion much of it for its own idle sake—one is almost relieved to stumble, just after her marriage, upon a natural love affair with a handsome, unidentified young Genevan, her mental inferior, but none the less beloved. He abandoned her for another woman, and she suffered cruelly. But at least this was something she did not talk about, and the business seems more real and healthy in the shadow of her reticence, than shrinking, as the rest of her life seems to do, under the pitiless glaring sunlight of her fiercely rational mind.

The "Four Tales" are well worth translating and publishing, though they shine with but a mild light, and most of that is reflected from the life of their author. You wonder how her free, wild spirit lived on cribbed and confined as it was. The secret is in her pen, which unlocked the prison door and gave her flights of freedom in a world which she created to suit herself.

"I had need only of a vent to my feeling," she groans through one of her characters. "I shall accuse society, fate, or, rather, I shall accuse no one; I shall not complain, I shall submit in silence, with patience and courage." "I had become two persons, one of whom was only occupied with silencing and concealing the nature of the other." But in her stories she concealed little. There it all is—Zélide herself happily defying her oppressor, Convention, or holding up to scorn her wizen-minded consort, who failed to recognize the picture, or pathetically educating the marrying off the child she never had, or pouring the full tide of her real passion through the heart of her lovely and unhappy Caliste. If any of the tales has a touch of greatness it is this last —"Caliste." Written headlong from the heights and depths of her soul, it embodies the greatest thing of which she was capable—love, unhappy and defiant of the World that ruined it.

But there is the portrait, and there is the painting of it. Mr. Scott plays with his subject exquisitely, and entertains the reader even when the super-refinements of poor Zélide grow a bit dull. Irony, wit, fun, pathos, or delicate phrasing enliven every sentence. In short, the book is in every sense readable. But the incessant effort to entertain sometimes a little o'erleaps itself and this new manner of biography, like the career of Zélide, at length makes the reader long for something unconscious and direct.

The best of Mr. Scott's book is the varied scenes and tableaux conceived and wrought with high concentration. And, while in the closing moments of the tragedy he strains for effect to the point of melodrama, the scene in which Zélide meets Madame de Staël, at once her inferior and her superior, competes with Thackeray in vividness and intensity. The "Portrait of Zélide" is an excursion into the eighteenth century from which one returns as from a sojourn with men and women in the flesh.

Even so brief a note must not fail in admiration of the beauty with which the Chiswick Press has clothed these volumes.

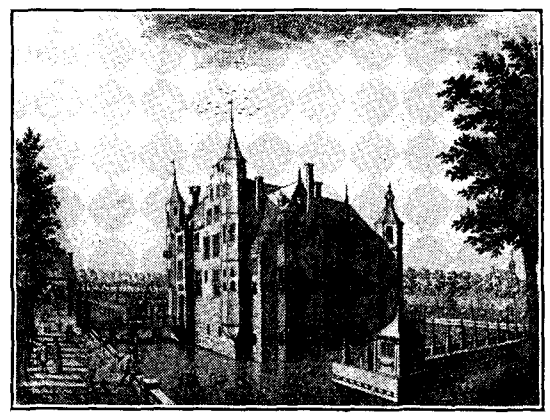
The Man on Horseback

THE LIFE OF BENITO MUSSOLINI. By MARGHERITA G. SARFATTI. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. 1926. $5.

Reviewed by OLIN D. WANNAMAKER

NOW that Lenin is at rest, no figure in contemporary Europe shares the stage with Mussolini. Trotzky is eclipsed. The Italian dictator long ago ceased to be a spectacle, a merely local phenomenon. Typically Latin—in the current loose sense of that term—even in the very violence of his animosity against much that is typically Latin in his fellow nationals, he has become the generator of a current of thought and of political action now sharing with bolshevism in the range of its influence in Europe. The movement shares with bolshevism—perhaps waxing while the latter wanes—but the personality at its head shares with no one.

How are we to view this personal phenomenon? The question is by no means academic or historic. There are sane observers who fear for the peace of the world every time Mussolini discharges a battery of his staccato sentences. No observer can fail to see that this man has come to embody certain previously unconscious or half-conscious aspirations of a great portion of the human mass occupying the Italian peninsula, and has created aspirations for an



The Castle of Zuylen
From "Four Tales by Zélide" (Scribner)

additional multitude. Nor is it less obvious that these aspirations are made of perilous stuff. With such a dynamic figure in Rome, accident might do almost anything with the passions of millions of his fellow countrymen.

In America opinions about the Dictator vary widely. Bankers, who form their judgments on the basis of that stereotyped state of society known as law and order, take comfort in him. Only the small minority of convinced liberals and idealists ask what may be going on beneath the crust which passes for social stability, or how long this crust will hold firm. Few indeed are the Americans who have scruples of conscience against a person and a system which flouts the whole theory of personal and social liberty upon which rests the democratic state. We have largely outgrown these enthusiasms of our youth. On the other hand, those Americans who oppose fascism volatilize in exclamations the force of their opposition.

A vast deal has been published to assist us in estimating Mussolini. Most of this published matter has simply increased the shortage of wood pulp. It has been so crudely conceived and wrought that sensible readers could do no otherwise than to bar its access to their minds. Before me as I write stands a row of such books—titles all ambitious: "The Awakening of Italy;" "The Fascist Movement in Italian Life;" "Mussolini Revealed in His Political Writings;" etc., but no one would glance through any of these volumes a second time to weigh statements or assess the bearing of their distorted facts. As they appeared from the press, one had only a sense of gross misjudgment in issuing such a volume of words about a man and a movement which could not generate words wiser and more orderly.

Are we forced to speak differently now that a close associate of Mussolini, one who ought to know him for what he is—Signora Sarfatti, formerly on the staff of *Il Popolo d'Italia*—has undertaken a worthy presentment of the greatest Italian of his age?

The portrait is certainly one of marked dignity and impressiveness. Italy is under obligation to Signora Sarfatti for removing her leader out of the hot damp fog of crass adulation. As regards proportion, form, style this political biography leaves little to be desired. The story is highly entertaining and persuasive. From the subject himself, the biographer seems to have learned something of the value of brevity and point—for it is no exaggeration when Mussolini's admirers declare that he is the creator of a new Italian style in which terseness and impact are the prime qualities. Were we at rest from the echoes of quite other sounds in Italy than the crack and slap of the fascist whip-lash style, we could with real satisfaction accept this portrait of a modern man of fire and steel. All the courage and endurance of his early years of labor and study in Switzerland, indeed admirable, might well seem to have come to right fruition in the saving of his country, first from the wrong choice of slothful neutrality during the war and then from the ruin of chaos after the peace.

But we cannot be deaf to other voices. Signora Sarfatti mentions none of the brutal attacks by thugs upon the opponents of fascismo—five or six deputies publicly clubbed in the course of a year or so. She passes lightly over the complete abolition of all freedom of speech, of assembly, of the press. She is not disturbed by the substitution of personally appointed *podestás* in all the lesser communes for elected municipal councils; nor by the dominance of the personally appointed prefects in the cities. Her allusion to the distress of her chief after the assassination of Matteotti in June, 1924, is quite unconvincing—a spray of rose-water over an open drain. Only two months after that murder the Premier declared to an audience in a Tuscan mining town, "If our opponents attempt anything, we will deliver their dead bodies to our militia."

Signora Sarfatti impresses one as being a fine specimen of Italian mother. She remembers her boy's sacrifice in the war for Italian rights; she idealizes the country for which he made the sacrifice; she idolizes the most outspoken and powerful protagonist for those national rights. She closes her eyes to the cruelty and gross inhumanity of the man and his system and is oblivious of the fates which stand ready to punish the overweening and those who know no sense of proportionate human values.

The trains keep their schedules, the mails are promptly delivered, one can get telephone connections readily, unemployment is at a minimum, it is asserted—though also denied—that the budget is balanced. There we have the credit side of the fascist ledger. On the debit side we read: the end of all popular government among some 39,000,000 people representing one of the oldest cultures in Europe. If we find it hard to strike a balance, we may let our thoughts rest upon such items as five deputies publicly clubbed in two years, many prominent and high-minded citizens driven from the country, one deputy assassinated and only the mildest punishment meted out to the least important of those implicated in the crime.

Nevertheless, to form a just estimate of the remarkable person who more nearly than any other in the world today is the man on horseback, one should read Signora Sarfatti's account of him.

H. L. Mencken, editor of *The American Mercury* has lately issued a statement to the friends of that magazine, setting forth in a lucid and dignified manner the facts in the recent attack upon *The Mercury* by the Rev. J. Frank Chase representing the Watch and Ward Society of Boston. Mr. Mencken clearly defines the issues, relates the steps taken by him on advice of counsel, and appends to his own statement Judge Parmenter's opinion as handed down in the Municipal Court of Boston on April 7th and Judge Morton's opinion of April 14th, granting Arthur Garfield Hays's prayer for an injunction forbidding the Rev. J. Frank Chase to molest the magazine further. These appendices make perfectly clear the fact that the complaint against *The Mercury* was immediately dismissed in the Municipal Court and that the methods of procedure of the Rev. J. Frank Chase were illegal.

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The Great Melba

MELODIES AND MEMORIES. By NELLIE MELBA. New York: George H. Doran Company. 1926. $5.

Reviewed by J. RANKEN TOWSE

THIS is a charmingly written book, of its own peculiar kind, and constantly entertaining, especially for those who delight in lively gossip about the magnates of the musical and plutocratic social worlds, even if it does not offer much that is new or highly important. And it reflects the personality of a gracious, simple, natural, unaffected, and highly gifted woman. About the public lives of the greatest operatic artists, and Nellie Armstrong, or Melba, was a reigning queen of song for many years, there must always be a certain degree of sameness. Similar records of success in triumphs in the great cities of civilized countries, popular demonstrations, social courtesies in high places, intoxicating adulation, luxurious or exhausting travel. In all the honor, pleasures, trials, rewards, and hard work of her profession, Melba had her full share, and she talks about them very pleasantly and modestly, with an agreeable spice of observation and anecdote, but there will be no attempt here to follow her musical career precisely or in detail. Her story will well repay the reading.

She was a fortunate woman from the first, although she did not reach the summit without the usual preliminary struggles. She owed her health to her free country life in Australia, and her character to her kindly canny, practical, plain-dealing, and hard-headed Scotch father. Her voice, of course, was nature's own rich endowment. When, after a year of wedded life—about which she says little—she made her first public appearance in Melbourne as a vocalist, in 1884, and met with a favorable local reception, her cautious parent was willing to take her to London, but indulged in no hallucinations. It is interesting to note, as she tells very honestly, that she failed to impress either Arthur Sullivan or Randegger. Wilhelm Ganz was appreciative and organized a concert for her, which proved a complete fizzle. Then her father, as a last chance, agreed to let her study on the Continent, allowing her a certain sum of money, adding that if this was not sufficient, the experiment must end, and she must return home. So, in fear and trembling, she went to the famous Madame Marchesi, who, at first, significantly enough, told her not to shriek, but presently, after making her sing softly, waxed enthusiastic over the beauty of her voice, and promptly undertook her tuition. Before that was completed her financial resources were very nearly exhausted, but she had learned to be thrifty, and pinched resolutely until she had reached her goal. She gives an entertaining account of Marchesi's methods and humors, and a vivid sketch of her in decrepitude and decay. And she draws a delightful picture of Gounod, with whom she was a favorite, in the triplicate part of teacher, singer, and actor.

By this time she was fairly on the road to success, but nearly missed it, for Max Strakosch, who had accidentally heard her singing, inveigled her into signing a ten-year contract which for her would have been most disadvantageous. But from that the sudden death of that enterprising impresario released her, and after her brilliant début in Brussels, as Gilda, in "Rigoletto," the world was practically at her feet. Nevertheless, soon afterward, owing to lack of publicity, she had a disheartening experience, in London, at Covent Garden.

That check was retrieved, a year or two later, when, fresh from continental triumphs, and fortified by critical rhapsodies, she returned to the British metropolis under the social tutelage of Lady Grey, an aristocratic leader. This time she was fully recognized as one of the greatest singers of the age, and thenceforth her career was one of uninterrupted prosperity. Wherever she was seen and heard, she conquered. Of her professional life it is scarcely necessary to say more.

Her social experiences are of greater general interest. She mingled everywhere in the most glittering social circles. The frank and simple Australian girl seems to have been surprised to find that even royalties, in undress, behaved very much like ordinary well-bred men and women. She was deeply impressed by the dignity of the "little black figure" of Victoria, before whom she sang at Windsor, when she had to repeat her program, because the Empress of Germany had gone out for a walk. She was amazed at the prodigality displayed at the "Arabian Nights" entertainments given by English society in the eighties, and describes vividly the melancholy contrast presented by "post-war" conditions. Her keen sense of dramatic contrasts is exhibited in her sketch of the flamboyant Bernhardt in her brilliant heyday, and old, haggard, bedizened, dying but still defiant; and again, in her picture of Oscar Wilde, in his glory, and a beggar in the streets of Paris. In that city she shared in the joyous revelries of Dr. Sagan. Anon we find her, with the De Reskes, in St. Petersburg participating in the gorgeous hospitalities of the Grand Duke Alexis, and dazed by the splendor of the Russian ballets, or singing duets with King Oscar in Norway, or with Tosti in a gondola, on a midnight frolic through Venetian canals.

* * *

In America her first reception in New York was chilly—she was unknown to the 400—but soon she was winning the customary ovations here and in triumph progresses through the country. She waxes eloquent in praise of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. In San Francisco, in Spanish war time, she created a frenzy of enthusiasm by singing the "Star Spangled Banner" in "Il Barbiére." Presently she is back in London to enjoy the gaiety and bonhomie of the Edwardian regime, to flit to Berlin, where she seems to have failed in homage to the bumptious Kaiser, and to Vienna where she charmed the melancholy Franz Joseph from his long retirement after the assassination of his empress. Then, after an absence of sixteen years, she went to Australia to cheer her sick old father, and be idolized by her compatriots. Her description of her home-coming and the reflections excited by it are among the best features of her book. It was in Melbourne that she encountered Kitchener, who asked for "Home, Sweet Home," and was moved to tears. That was a tribute to be proud of.

She gives a splendid account of Oscar Hammerstein, and of the famous war between the Manhattan and Metropolitan Opera Houses in which she played so prominent a part, but on this there is no space to dwell. Back in England she tells of the gloom caused then by the death of King Edward and of the growing apprehension of impending war. When the storm broke she, like other devoted women, played her part by singing far and near for the benefit of the sick and wounded. Of this ghastly period she has all too little to say, but she comments feelingly on the dismal changes in English social life which she experienced, after the restoration of peace, in returning to London to find Covent Garden 'full of ghosts."

In one way, full of varied and pleasant gossip as it is, the book is disappointing. Of solid substance, fresh details, or originality of viewpoint, it has not much to offer. But, as has been said, it leaves the impression of a charming woman.

In Tudor Times

A HISTORY OF ENGLAND FROM THE DEFEAT OF THE ARMADA TO THE DEATH OF ELIZABETH, with an Account of English Institutions During the Later Sixteenth and Early Seventeenth Centuries. By EDWARD P. CHEYNEY. Vol. II. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1925. $6.50.

Reviewed by WALLACE NOTESTEIN
Cornell University

PROFESSOR CHEYNEY succeeds in making local government interesting. His plain, unvarnished tale of events holds attention, but he is most easy to read when he tells us of the duties and activities of the lord lieutenant, of the sheriff, of the high constable, the constable, the surveyors of the highways, the overseers of the poor, and of the churchwardens. There is no book in English where there is so adequate a description of the "Tudor maid of all work," the justice of peace. That official who was usually a small country gentleman, had in some instances been to one of the Inns of Court for a term or two, but in more cases had picked up his legal knowledge from reading Michael Dalton's "Country Justice," or some other book of first aid to rural magistrates.

The justice needed to know all things. Before 1603 there had been passed some two hundred and ninety statutes which involved the duties and obligations of the justice of peace, one-fourth of them enacted during the reign of Elizabeth. The justice had to know about regulating the "spawn and frien of fish," he had to suppress "fond and fantastical prophecies," he had to prevent riots, enforce laws about contagion, keep an eye on gipsies, stop unlawful games, of which there were several in the merry England of Elizabeth before the fairies lost command, to punish or set on work vagrants and sturdy beggars, and to care for forty other matters that required time and attention to details. However faithful he was, he did not know what morning he might get from the Privy Council at London a series of special instructions for some emergency real or imagined, or receive for some failure of duty, their sharp rebuke. His was a hard-working life, and his reward the estimation in which J. P.s were held by the community. By some witchcraft the English government was able even down to the nineteenth century to convey enough local prestige to its justices of peace to get much work done for nothing. Yet the J. P.s were not very important, and Dorothy Osborne, that best of all feminine letter-writers, was wary of a husband whose aim reached no further than to be a justice of peace.

The playwright who gave us Justice Shallow and Justice Silence thought them ignorant fellows, but unhappy experience may have colored his view. Whatever his training, the justice was often a man who had a good deal of common sense and discretion. His weakness—and this Mr. Cheyney has not said, but I think he would agree—was that he had a perfectly natural tendency to favor his own class. If Sir Robert Throckmorton thought that his two daughters, who were behaving strangely, were bewitched by Goodwife Samuel, Sir Robert's neighbor and friend, before whom the case was first brought, was likely to credit the evidence of his fellow gentleman as against that of the goodwife. The J. P. was honest enough and often high-minded, he meant to be fair, but he was loyal to his own kind. Galsworthy in one of his most thoughtful plays has examined that sense of loyalty to class in modern English life; it was just as strong in Elizabethan days. The government of England by gentlemen, the passing of which we are perhaps witnessing, was probably as successful a method of government as was ever practiced, but had one flaw: gentlemen, like other kinds of people in many countries and times, looked at government through the eyes of those they met from day to day.

Mr. Cheyney has evidently been long interested in the story of that sometime favorite of the Queen and of gods, and at all times of men, the second Earl of Essex. In this volume, he traces the decline and fall of that nobleman, tells the story of the Irish expedition, of the Earl's imprisonment and of the abortive rising that led to his execution. Through a subject that has been the occasion of great controversy and around which there has risen a thick mist of tradition, he proceeds unafraid and with authority. It is a topic meant for one who holds a nice balance of judgment, Mr. Cheyney's eminent virtue in historical writing. If he discards some of the episodes that have gathered round a figure almost magnetic of romance, he retains that sympathy, surely allowed an historian, for a man more brave than wise, whose struggle against fate furnishes fit theme for the Tragic Muse.

We must all regret that Mr. Cheyney has not found it possible to deal with other aspects of late Elizabethan days, with the Church, with the Universities, the Inns of Court, with social and intellectual life, topics upon which his unusual acquaintance with the plays and other literature of the time would have served him well. Who knows so well as he about economic conditions under the Tudors, yet in this volume he has said all too little.

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How One Catches Socialism

MY APPRENTICESHIP. By BEATRICE WEBB. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1926. $6.

Reviewed by PHILIP COAN

MRS. WEBB belongs with Rousseau, Henry Adams, and certain other exceptional persons, who have had something to say about themselves. Like these others, she throws some light on the problem of why we hold the opinions that we do hold. Some day soon, investigation will no doubt rear the causation of opinions into a science; one presumably half natural history and half dynamics. Mrs. Webb started life as one of numerous daughters of an English banker family of position and fashion. She became a social investigator, an advocate of the sweeping social reforms carried out since in England, and finally an outright socialist. She effected, in fact, a complete change of base in regard to her attitude toward society. The frequency of similar cases renders the thing no less remarkable, and all the more interesting.

Most persons, undertaking to explain an opinion held, have no other art than to present the arguments in its favor. They lack the self-revelatory gift. Beatrice Webb tells us that having neither the talent nor the training of a philosopher, she "expresses the faith she holds in the simpler form of personal experience." Surely also it is the more readable form. The sheer generalities of the subject would quite fail to apprise us how this banker's daughter, instead of being securely married in the moneyed class, should acquire a disbelief in bankers, and a hostility to the system that bred them. Women of the same social group, a generation or so earlier, were renouncing their inherited advantages for the sake of religious aspirations; will women of that class, and men for that matter, obey five years from now a tide urging them into the creed of Fascism? Apparently other things than the strict influence of reason, mould opinion. Men will have to catch these elusive influences, and kill them by looking them in the face, before they may hope to become responsive to pure reason in shaping their views of great common questions. This book, written by a rarely keen and scrupulous spirit, tells more of the influence of proletarianism on thoughtful folk of the last forty years than any other recent work readily named.

* * *

"I am translating 'Faust,'" writes the young Beatrice of fifteen years; "putting the introduction piece out of the question, which is fearfully blasphemous, it might almost have been written by a good man, as a satire on the philosophers of the present day." She had been to America, and was "fascinated" by Joaquin Miller, "a hater, because a stranger, of the civilized world." As she developed, the old story of brains without a domain enacted itself. She was familiar from childhood with the persons and converse of intellectuals—Herbert Spencer, for instance. She wrote in her diary a review of each serious book she read. And yet—what should she do with her brains? Sometimes she was to become a landscape painter; sometimes matters of religious faith obsessed her, especially a doubt of the moral tenability of the doctrine of the Atonement. It may be left to the reader of the book to consider for himself whether the half-pleasure that a keen and insufficiently absorbed mind may take in knocking over its own intellectual property influenced the young lady now and then. There were seasons of unhappiness over truths ousting beloved falsities. There were egos; Mrs. Webb acknowledges two, the ego that affirms and the ego that denies; but one suspects yet others, who played their parts as luring demons of introspection. Sometimes long plunges into social amusement absorbed importunate impulses for a while. After frivolity came sessions of almost Puritanic repentence.

She did not run to an incorrigible pursuit of successive illusions, like Escholier's Mme. Lestelle. She had far too much sense to dull disappointment with a resort to substitute illusions for those that were broken. When she replaced Christian belief with a religion of humanity, she was rather amending or salvaging all that a sober analysis left her of her old faith. Humanity thus became by—would the psychologists call it sublimation?—the substitute for a lost divinity. And soon the young seeker found that among the poor were performed acts of courage and abnegation, acts that argued them worthy of a place at the human table. Moreover, the poor, even in Whitechapel, were commonly cheerful; and we all know of the process by which the pensive in the long run yield their places in the sun to those with an affinity for light and life. One suspects a sense of insufficient joy of living in these thinking aristocrats. As for the fear-of-selfishness motive, one of the commonest affecting upper-class folk who turn Socialist, it appears here and there, moderate but not to be mistaken.

More than a mere record of complexes, some will insist, of this story of half the life of a wonderfully clever and useful woman; and indeed it affords a historically valuable record of her doings and those of many others. But really legible revelations of the minds of thinking folk are rarer than accounts of their acts.

Imperialism

DOLLAR DIPLOMACY. By SCOTT NEARING and JOSEPH FREEMAN. New York: The Viking Press. 1925. $2.50.

Reviewed by REXFORD GUY TUGWELL

Columbia University.

WE hear, it is true, a good deal less than we used to about the "destiny of nations" and "places in the sun." We came down pretty hard on Germany, among others, for that kind of thing in 1918. But I think a good case could be made for the assertion that nothing has changed except possibly the phraseology we customarily use. We should not now expect a responsible official, for instance, to say in a Chamber of Commerce address that it is only a question of time until such and such will "come under our banner." Messrs. Nearing and Freeman remind us that no longer ago than 1912 Mr. Elihu Root did say those very words, and with specifically mentioned reference. We perhaps are more careful now about the language we use in public. But did the war really change imperialism very much? Take our own case, for instance. The British Empire is of course the classic example for Americans to cite; but we Americans need no longer go abroad for illustrations, if we are even a tiny bit self-examinating.

How is it in Haiti, San Domingo, Cuba, Nicaragua? Under what circumstances did we acquire—and do we keep—the Philippines? And what are the implications of our attitude toward Mexico and other Central American republics? Not only that—though these are the worst examples pointed to by the anti-imperialists—there is our steady and resistless economic penetration in China and in South America. And do we or do we not begin to hear of the "Americanization" of mighty England herself?

How does it all come about? Are we a people who believe we have the finest art, philosophy, culture in the world? Most emphatically not. We are over-willing indeed to grant these supremacies to Europe; we are so modest in these matters that we are far from having a desire to propagate them. We are not above talking about "educating" our backward dependencies. But we do not pretend that we could teach Europe, for instance, anything. Our imperialism, except for a brazen outburst in 1898 and a little later which was a pretty frank taking advantage of the blowing up of the Maine, has been less a frankly official sort than, for instance, England's. Our situation is simply that of overflowing riches within the control of a few organizations which, playing the capitalistic game according to the rules, invest the surplus where the returns promise well. This and the natural pressure of great producing organizations for markets accounts in large part for the phenomenon.

Messrs. Nearing and Freeman make all this quite clear. And they do it in a dispassionate but completely overwhelming manner. Their points are fully made, so that their book is a useful summary of the economic relations we have gradually built up. One imperialistic crisis was that of '98. But there was a strong reaction against that; and most of the impetus fizzled before much advantage could be gained. Another, of a somewhat different sort, came with the War of 1914-18, however. It was a war we did not make and it was a matter of pride with us that we had nothing to gain from it. But marvellously enough, as the matter stands today, we have acquired all the capital our Allies had invested with us over a century, and they stand pledged to pay us in annual increments, running to 1980 or 1990, some half billion dollars a year. Besides all this, we, in a sense, dominate the commission which has a strangle-hold on German industrial life. All this happened, not because we started out to do it, but because we happened to be rich and Europe happened to be needy—and because they insisted on the costly extravagance of war.

The story of all this is told with great lucidity and with admirable restraint and compression. It would be easy to sentimentalize this whole situation. This the authors have not done, though their attitude is clear enough. As a matter of fact, one who knows the facts concerning the partition of Africa, the subjugation of the Near East, and the terrorization of China, cannot help feeling that the people of the United States have less on their consciences than any other industrial nation. But this does not excuse our small sins and ought not to close our eyes to what may happen if our imperialistic jingoes have their way, say, in Mexico in the very near future, or even if we follow less inflamatory leaders in the way we are now going.

Messrs. Nearing and Freeman are Socialists, and they probably feel that imperialism is merely one other unfortunate aspect of capitalism. In this, I think, even a capitalistic apologist would have to agree with them. Under our present system it is difficult to see how the necessary rubber, hemp, sugar, vegetable oils, coffee, spices, and tropical fruits can be got without that investment of capital abroad which is the essential element in economic penetration and which may so easily lead to political domination. Where I have always felt the anti-imperialists have erred has been in their refusal to state alternatives. Either we have got to do this kind of thing or go without these indespensable raw materials. Somehow, they vaguely hope, most of them, that it can be done otherwise. Messrs. Nearing and Freeman, however, having no sentimental attachment to capitalism, are not afraid of the alternative. They think we ought not to get reluctant oil from Mexico or sugar from the Philippines. Even if it ruined our economic arrangements here at home, that would not seem to them an irreparable loss.

As a matter of fact we may as well face situation, all of us, that we shall continue to get from Mexico on fairly easy terms. And the sa is true of other products from other weaker states. We will not let anyone weaker than we are hold us up because we shrink from the possible consequence—the use of force. Perhaps as an economist I state this matter more baldly than most readers will like to see it stated. As a matter of fact I believe Mr. Root put the matter honestly and truly. We may not like it because of moral scruples; we may not think a single American life worth all the bananas in Central America. But if it requires some such sacrifice to keep up the flow of bananas—cheap—we stand ready now, as a nation, I am convinced, to make the sacrifice. We should not make it, if, when the time came, it were clear that the shooting was all about, perhaps; but it will not be. There will be honor involved then and bananas and profits on bananas will be conspicuously absent from public mention. Nor is it clear to an economist what can be done about it. Inevitable is a weighty word, but how else shall we name it? Unless we do what Messrs. Nearing and Freeman would like to have us do—give up the whole mess and start over—what other way out is there? And even then! Perhaps, some anti-imperialist will tell us how we are to get oils, and sugars, and fruits from reluctant señors—or are socialists not fond of coffee, sweets and riding in automobiles?

The Mediæval Academy of America has recently been incorporated with the purpose of conducting and promoting research, publication and instruction in all departments of the letters, arts, science and life of the Middle Ages. The president is Professor E. K. Rand of Harvard. The officers include business men and artists as well as students of ancient and modern languages and literatures, mediæval religion, philosophy, history, art and education. The Academy maintains a quarterly journal, *Speculum*, of which the managing editor is Dr. F. P. Magoun, Jr., Harvard University. Any person in America or elsewhere interested in membership in it may obtain further information from the office of the Academy, Room 312, 248 Boylston Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

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Unusual Talent

IT ISN'T DONE. By WILLIAM C. BULLITT. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Co. 1926. $2.

Reviewed by ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES

NEW novels are decidedly more plentiful than new planets, yet the reader of Mr. Bullitt's first work of fiction gets at least a distant imitation of the thrill felt by Keats's watcher of the skies. Mr. Bullitt is a planet all in the making, still largely in the incandescent state, spitting blue flames and of a fearfully hot temperature, but with the chemical stuff that will make fine protoplasm when it cools. Unusual talent is necessary to write a book that is so good at the same time that it is so bad. Mr. Bullitt tumbles into every pitfall ever laid for the unwary novelist, but he goes sprawling with such fine abandon, leaps up so blithely, and rushes on so obviously unhurt that the spectacle becomes rather magnificent. He is tremendously alive and transparently sincere; too eager to say what he has to say to subject it to the constraint of critical reflection or literary form. The successive sections of his book rattle by, chapterless, like freight cars, held together by coupling pins of asterisks. The main line followed is the usual sex route—Mr. Bullitt belongs distinctly to the contemporary orgasmic school of fiction—but this runs constantly through surroundings of broader interest which gives his work its larger scope and value.

The spasms of the dying aristocracy of Chesterbridge (otherwise Philadelphia), with its high but negative standards of personal honor, gradually being ousted from every position of control by an upstart ancestorless generation recognizing no law save that of success, form the social theme of the work, showing in America the same shift in social classes that is revealed on foreign soil in Chekhov's "Cherry Orchard," and Galsworthy's "Skin Game." Mr. Bullitt sees it as part of a world-movement in which the older cultural idealisms are doomed to go down before the vulgar realistic egotism of the climbing majority.

> I admit I hate what's happened to America (says one of the characters, a university president). Half my classes at the university want to become bond salesmen! But where is life any different? Paris has become a suburb of New York, London is trying to become one, Mussolini is trying to turn Italy into an imitation of Illinois, even the Turks have quit their old civilization and adopted ours. China is trying to do the same thing, so is India. Japan has done it. The whole world has passed into the machine age.

Where Mr. Bullit differs from Chekhov and Galsworthy is that his real sympathies are more fully with the future. He prefers life to culture any day. Hence his central character, John Corey, the representative of aristocratic idealism, is far from equal to his austere task. He begins well as a boy, with an appealing chivalry, a quite unusual self-control, long intriguing silences, and what one mistakenly supposes to be intellectual potentialities of various kinds, but he never gets past adolescence, not because like Peter Pan or Christopher Morley's Martin he refuses to grow up, but because he doesn't know how—or, one suspects without being quite sure, because Mr. Bullitt doesn't know how to make him. He has a violent affair with a coming young sculptress, refuses to marry her because she is slangy and doesn't belong to his social set, marries a woman who does, finds himself the father of a son by each, and never frees himself from the resultant psychological mess. He is animated thenceforth solely by what Dr. Joseph Collins would call "gonadal sweep," and the felicities and infelicities connected therewith are taken by himself with tragic seriousness. Meanwhile he manages to sacrifice most of his ideals of personal integrity without knowing it, and without refraining from preaching them to others. In the long run he must have become just about the prize prig of all Chesterbridge. And, of course, his own final conclusion—which is apparently the author's as well—is that Chesterbridge is entirely responsible for his frustration.

> It seems to me now that principles are just suicide. If you have them you die, and the people who haven't live. But I don't know that it isn't better to have them and die. . . . I don't even know that principles haven't always been death. We sit up, like last night at Uncle Fulke's, and blame modern life; but you weren't killed by modern life and I wasn't killed by modern life; we were killed by our own inherited ideas. We were killed by Chesterbridge, the old Chesterbridge we sob over now. It kept you from respecting the woman you married and kept me from respecting the woman I loved. That's what killed us both.

Possibly. But it seems in view of the evidence as if John Corey's decease were a case of suicide rather than of murder by his ancestors.

But however unsatisfactory his psychology and social philosophy, there is no question but that Mr. Bullitt is a good story-teller. Even when his characters are ridiculous, they still grip the attention. To have written one of the most interesting books of the year—which he has surely done—is an achievement in a first novel that makes one desirous of others from the same pen.

A Tedious Method

WHIPPED CREAM. By GEOFFREY MOSS. New York: George H. Doran Company. 1926. $2.

Reviewed by LOUIS KRONENBERGER

THE most pressing need for new *genres* in fiction arises, I think, from the fact that to treat an overplayed one merely with competence is to treat it negligibly. In the trite but true observation, a genius can put merit into any subject he touches, but for other writers an overworked pattern is a very strong disadvantage. Mr. Geoffrey Moss, as representative of these others, is a case in point. "Whipped Cream" convinces me that the novel of neurotic society folk is in its boresome descendant. Their endless talk, escapades, madnesses, and sexual aberrations have become, in the hands of the merely competent, a literary banality. If critics have begun to complain that even Aldous Huxley does not gain in significance, how trivial must be those of his brotherhood who lack his brilliance, his delightful fancy, and his grasp of the Zeitgeist.

The not strictly organic faults of "Whipped Cream" are that it is by far too long and by far too uninspired. I cannot imagine why Mr. Moss has heaped full courses of insipid conversation and pointless action where a taste of them would be more than enough. His chief characters are incredibly often out of the picture, or passive observers of it, while house-party "supers" enact commonplaces. But if these dilutions weakened a more vital drink, one could simply regret their presence without overlooking the stronger element they vitiate. Yet how little nourishment, how little refreshment even, the main plot itself affords. Lacking the *élan* of lightness and brilliance, neither has its sober detail any great amount of substance. Mr. Moss begins with a middle-aged Englishman finding his very young wife unfaithful to him. The rest of the book is chiefly an exposition of Lindy Hawkins' character by means of incident. Harry Hawkins sees divorce as the one solution, and takes her subsequent marriage with the culpable Lord Dashwood for granted. But Dashwood squirms out of it, to be followed by a sensual Roumanian. The epicene woman who is devoted to Lindy and far more interesting to the reader, compels Hawkins to see that if he does not take back his wife, by inevitable steps she will fall to the demi-monde. So he takes her.

Now there is merit in Mr. Moss's characterizations: Hawkins, Lindy, and Vera Casswell are three most plausible people, whose actions are convincing and whose minds and emotions are comprehensible. But the tedious method which achieves their credibility is far inferior to any method we should find a first-rate writer employing. "Whipped Cream" evidences criminal lack of economy. And again, though they are credible, there is not the least thing fresh, or significant, or even exciting about these people: they give you not a single keen emotion, not a single worth-while thought, not a single hearty laugh. They would never at any time have interested or stimulated you in life, they have long since ceased to interest or stimulate you in literature. Finally, it would be the most childish of errors to imagine them important beyond their specific portrayal: to imagine, for instance, that they epitomize a whole contemporary society. Where English novels used to be full of an inordinate amount of tea, "Whipped Cream," with others of its kind, is full of an inordinate amount of cocktails. You cannot create a world, even *ex pede Herculem*, from so inexpressive an example as that. Nor can you say that Lindy Hawkins' story exemplifies the present women of her world. It may be true of ten thousand women, but some of them lived in ancient Greece, some in the Middle Ages, and some will live six centuries from now.

Getting Away from Medina

SHOW BUSINESS. By THYRA SAMTER WINSLOW. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1926.

ALTHOUGH Thyra Samter Winslow has called her novel "Show Business," it seems as if she might well have given it the title, "Why Girls Ought to Leave Home." The trouble with Medina, Missouri, as a place for bringing a girl up, was that Medina did not bring her up, but dragged her down.

Provincial ghastliness has grown to be a fairly familiar topic; the horrors of small town humanity in the Winslow version none the less still make the flesh creep. Medina—as represented—abounded in child-killing features. It was narrow, dull, mean, ugly, crooked, cruel, and filthy. Helen Taylor as a little girl happened to become an associate of the children of the town's most nearly respectable set. The set later froze her out; honors that she had fairly won in high school went to the daughter of a member of the school board. Her own parents lived a dinner pail and washboard sort of existence. Helen's way of reacting to each fresh uncongeniality of her environment was to venture on something defiant and exciting. She reached the stage of picking up casual traveling men. One of them turned out to be a wise counselor, and told her she had better get out, and migrate to a real town, where a real person had a chance. She followed the tip, made a break for Chicago, and eventually became a hard working show girl.

The latter portion of the book deals chiefly with her successive narrow escapes from men, and with her efforts to extract dinners, presents, and entertainments out of them. Incidents with successive men admirers were only incidents; they resembled one another rather, and one does not wonder that she herself found the succession monotonous in the long run. By remarkably good luck, an incredibly nice young man arrived just after her twenty-fifth birthday, offering marriage and millions. One may congratulate him on winning a mate tempered by experience, and much less shopworn than, to judge of showgirl life as the book depicts it, he had any right to expect.

All of which may sound as if Miss Winslow had written a book without a story. It is quite true that in all the latter part of the book she has failed to mass her effects, and that the one really massive effect, that of the cumulative evilness of Medina, runs its course in the earlier pages. The stage chapters have the quality of a good diary, written by a woman on the stage, who keeps her eyes open. They abound in glimpses of persons, particularly of men, little traceries that, like fingerprints, suggest identification rather than any intimate revelation of the person with whom they deal. As for leaving home, girls living in small towns will do well, before packing up, to consider seriously whether the big-town life, as represented in the book, sounds essentially better than that they know.

Galsworthian Drama

"THE SHOW." By JOHN GALSWORTHY. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1925. $1.

Reviewed by MARY CASS CANFIELD

WHEN the world grew up, or perhaps down, and lost divine innocence, realism came into the theatre, formerly the ideal Never, Never Land. The pageant, the spectacle, which lurks as surely in "Hamlet" as in a circus parade, was relinquished perforce. Fairyland gave way to naturalism. With the great realists, however, the emphasis of wonder merely shifted from the visual to the spiritual. Ibsen and Tchekoff still surprise us, still stretch our faculties with thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls. "The Cherry Orchard" (for instance), with all its trivial talk, its tiny incidents, its desultory wandering through the hours, is yet quivering with a life of its own and stabs us unforgettably with the eternal ridicule and pity of things.

There is, however, another realism, a poor relation of this first one, which has been particularly developed by contemporary British writers, by Bennett, Galsworthy, sometimes Wells. This is an accurate taking of notes on externals—useful, justifiable perhaps as a starting point for a novel, but in the theatre somehow a sin against the Holy Ghost. Such a piece of realism is John Galsworthy's

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most lately printed play, "The Show," in which the surfaces of life are so meticulously reported that inner reality finds no voice. The butterfly is pinned safely to a cork, and quite dead. This is the dry realism of photography, too efficient for mood, or passion, or overtones.

The play's theme is the pitiless publicity of our day, the impersonal search-light which is thrown on private affairs by the huge machinery of the press, "The Show" which (out of a domestic tragedy for instance) the newspapers must provide for a sensation-loving public. The play's plot concerns the suicide of a young Englishman, an airman with a distinguished record in the late war, the mystery which surrounds his death, the gradual revelations concerning his private life and that of his wife, and the efforts of police and reporters to drag the most intimate and painful details of the couple's unhappy existence into the light of day; these efforts being as unnecessary as they are successful, since the man's suicide turns out to be due not to matrimonial conditions but to a fear of impending insanity.

The piece is constructed with a certain workmanlike sense of drama; it clicks off neatly like some adequate, precise mechanism, and it is more than probable that it is, in a way, effective when it comes to the boards. Through all drama, no matter how noble and aristocratic as a work of art, there runs a debased and necessary taint, the taint of action at any price. To strict purists this must always be a bar sinister. To praise a play because of its action is not, therefore, to exalt it to the skies; it is like saying of a man that his blood runs red and strong.

Having granted Mr. Galsworthy expertness in keeping things going, it is time to ask what else he gives us. First of all, he exposes a thesis, always a ticklish thing for a dramatist to attempt. Like Brieux, Mr. Galsworthy is possessed by the passion for reform; one remembers the high intention behind "Justice," "Strife," and others of his plays. But, the pill of moralizing, in order to be successful as an æsthetic object, demands much and varied gilding. And, of recent years, Mr. Galsworthy is less generous and spontaneous with his gilt. "The Show" is rather aridly a *pièce à thèse*; the personages are less characters than lay figures or, at the best, types. All too easily one recognizes them. The suffering wife, certainly a sister to June of "The Forsyte Saga," erring and yet, the writer would have us feel, romantically worthy of our sympathy; her father, the retired Colonel, peppery and soft-hearted; the mother of the dead man, Lady Morecombe, dignified and martyred; Daisy Odiham, the little cockney girl who loved him; her father, the workman from Fulham; the police constable; the coroner's jury made up of small tradesmen. They are rubber stamps, too familiar, too readily acceptable, too fatally true to their own literary tradition.

If Mr. Galsworthy's people are conventional types, so are their emotions; their humor, perhaps necessarily rare in this play, is discouragingly appropriate; their indignation, fear, and pain fit like an old shoe. Therefore, the play does not convince or move us into believing it as life, despite the establishment of a mood of lofty, sentimental pity. Moreover, the reporters, the detective, the newspaper editors, are, behind their businesslike ardor, full of that reticent and well-bred forbearance which is Mr. Galsworthy's own. The limits of credibility are, however, strained too far when the same attitude is assumed in Daisy Odiham's cockney father. Mr. Galsworthy is, also, so intent on his main purpose, which is to exhibit some of his characters caught and victimized by the modern monster of publicity, that he has let more valid and real situations go by the board.

The play is solemn rather than serious, stiff with a very British deference to convention; to the incurably flippant among us its portentous intention may appear faintly risible. Its more grave defect, viewed as a work of art, is that it is a sermon, a piece of dialectics, and, even so, not a particularly forceful one.

The death in March of R. Harold Paget removed from the head of his firm one of the most noteworthy literary agents in the East. Mr. Paget was also the originator and editorial director of "An Outline of Christianity: the Story of our Civilizaton."

The Bowling Green

Second Best

I'M often amazed at the definiteness of some pronouncements about literature—including my own, I suppose. But what I try to remind myself is that making any reasonable judgement of a literary item is a curiously delicate affair. Careful and regular reading of any critical organ, such as this SATURDAY REVIEW which I study quite carefully every week, gradually leads one to an affectionate agnosticism. Take my own case: I was rash enough to say some words of high praise about Mr. Stribling's "Teeftallow," when (as I prudentially stated) I had read only half the book. I would not have thought it possible that a book that was so thrillingly effective in its first half could tail off so deplorably in the second. But it did. The latter portion of the novel seemed to me unreal, silly, and cheap, an almost unbelievable declension from the fine actuality and irony of the section called "Nessie." Yet in such reviews of the book as I have seen I find no comment on that amazing cleavage.

I like to think of certain books not merely as important in themselves but as important in the test they provide for the reviewers. I have often suggested that it would be enormously interesting to have a Review of Reviewers, much as *Variety* does every now and then in regard to theatrical critics, tabulating their hits and misses. All book reviewers have their particular blind spots, I dare say; there are special kinds of things that they are temperamentally unfitted to examine with profit. The most dangerous state that any critic can get into is that scirrhosis in which we always know beforehand what sort of thing he will say about any given book. A novel of this spring that is going to be an unusually interesting litmus paper for the reviewers is Mr. C. E. Montague's "Rough Justice." It is a remarkable book, and it will be highly praised. But I am wondering how many of the reviewers will spot in it the things that must honestly be reproached. That book offers to the critics the most curiously subtle problem of any novel I have read this spring. Not the problem of what they should relish in it, for Mr. Montague's shining virtues are there for any trained observer; but the problem of the elements in that book which seem to me regrettable. I speak certainly as a partisan of Montague, yet I must concur with the reviewer in the London *Times*, who says that considered on the very highest scale, and Mr. Montague deserves to be measured by no other, the book is a brilliant failure.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

These to me rather doleful reflections were suggested by the excellent tenderness of judgement shown by C. Lewis Hind in a little anthology called "100 Second Best Poems," one of the pleasantest bedside books I know. The friend who gave it to me (it hasn't been published here, but can be got from A. M. Philpot, 69 Great Russell Street, London, W. C. 1) probably did so with cheerful malice as I find a verse of my own included among the Second Bests; my only dissent would be that that particular poem should not possibly be considered better than Third; as far as I'm concerned I'm done with it for life. With that one exception, however, I find perfect Lewis Hind's choices as to what is beautifully Second Best. A Second Best poem, he says, "is one that a reader likes, not because he has been told to like it, but because he loves it. He keeps it by him: it helps him to live." In this very thrilling little gathering of sentimental verse there are some famous things; Mr. Hind's Second Bests include such poets as Charles Lamb, Bret Harte, John Burroughs, Sidney Lanier, Margaret Widdemer, Sara Teasdale, Edwin Markham. No one, least of all the authors included, would object to these particular things being included in so graceful a côterie. The point is that for certain moods and moments these things are the finest kind of consolation and joy. There are moments, as Lewis Hind well knows, when one would assert that the greatest poem ever written—for yourself, at that instant—is the French

La vie est vaine,
Un peu d'amour,
Un peu de haine
Et puis—bonjour!
La vie est brève,
Un peu d'espoir,
Un peu de rêve,
Et puis—bonsoir!

That is obviously Second Best; but to what Tennyson called "the second-rate sensitive mind" it can give a flash of pure feeling more condensed than "Hamlet" or "Lycidas." That's what I mean when I say that making literary judgements is a strangely delicate matter; and there is always a court of appeal—the Waifs and Strays columns of the provincial newspapers. Mr. Hind's little book is bound in a gay cardboard cover of blue and gilt, and I thought it pleasant that when I laid it aside, after an hour's study, I found gold-dust on my hands.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

The other day I had the good fortune to meet a famous English printer who is visiting in this country; and instead of talking about Plantin and Caslon and Bruce Rogers we found ourselves, I don't know just how, embarked on a mutual questionnaire of famous incidents in the life of Sherlock Holmes. "What was the name of the doctor in 'The Speckled Band'?" he would ask; and I would counter with "Which mystery was it that was solved by the ash of a Trichinopoly cigar?" "Who was the fellow who had the orange pips set on him?" he cried; and I, "What was the adventure they cleaned up early enough in the evening to go and hear a concert at Queen's Hall?" Our hosts were startled to find us so passionately happy in this pastime, which might well have gone on for hours. We concluded that since Sir Arthur is writing some new Holmeses, the real thing to do would be a book all about Myecroft Holmes, the mysterious older brother, in which Sherlock would appear only as an amateurish and promising youngster.

Life of course is never so charming as when, occasionally, it somehow suggests a detective story. From the office window by which this is written I can look across to a near-by room which is occupied by a merchant of precious stones. I don't often see anyone in that room, but I can see a desk which I'm sure contains gems, and on it two big lumps that I suppose are some sort of ore. This top floor of the building is almost empty—beside the jewel merchant and myself there is only one other tenant—and I am certain, after careful reading of Mr. Hulbert Footner's stories of pearl thefts, that I could figure out a way of copping the swag. It is when I am supposed to be working that I read and reread my store of detective literature; in intervals of postponing my own job lately I have reread three of Mr. Footner's excellent mysteries, "Thieves' Wit," "The Owl Taxi," and "The Under Dogs," and am going to recommend them to the English printer. I would have reread "The Fugitive Sleuth" too, but several years ago when Woodrow Wilson told me that he had run out of good detective yarns I gave him my copy.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

The most interesting fragments of literary comment are always those not intended for publication; so, without permission, I reprint part of a letter from a correspondent abroad who wants to know if Herman Melville's "Pierre" and "Piazza Tales" are in print over here, except as members of a de luxe set. He writes:

> Melville, it is supposed, has been re-discovered recently. Actually, folk here rave hysterically about "Moby Dick," principally, and apparently lack the wit to know that "Pierre" is one of the most important books in the world, profound beyond description in its metaphysic: in fact, I believe that you yourself would find something to keep your mind hard at work for many a day if you read that philosophically dramatic or dramatically philosophical novel, for it *is* a philosophical novel, reaching to heaven and down to hell in its march to a tragic culmination, a consummation; and there is one short story in the other book, "Bartleby" by name, which ought to fascinate you in its psychology like a theological mystery, since you are built and designed to be snared and decoyed in the theological nets.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

I suppose it's not a literary note, but I can't resist adding that Miss Anne Nichols, the author of "Abie's Irish Rose," adheres in practical affairs to the principles that made her play so successful. For the attorneys whom she has engaged to bring suit for plagiarism against some other playwright are called O'Brien and Malevinsky.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

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Books of Special Interest

Mr. MacFall's "Jezebel"

THE WOOINGS OF JEZEBEL PETTYFER. By HALDANE MACFALL. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1925. $3.

Reviewed by ERIC WALROND

I AM afraid that Mr. MacFall is congenitally incapable of achieving a pure view of the tropical life which has exotically unreeled before him. Such intense piety is above men reared on a chauvinist culture. It is in bondage that Mr. MacFall invades the Carribbees. He is, interestingly, a mixture of the Briton anxious to perpetuate the legend of the Crown and the poet whose glowing instincts permit him on occasions to embark on sundry unsocial quests. To this contrariety I attribute the patches of beauty in this book—the flurry of dust romping over Nelson Square, the glamour of the bawdy houses on Harbour Street, the elemental passions bared with intense dramatic verity in the harangue of soused Britons, and, also, such unseemly remarks as "The mate looked at the woman, she was of a mellow brown colour, *and had enough white blood in her making to give her dainty features*," "she was certainly a most comely brown creature, *with features toned down to European daintiness*," "*tainted with the sour smell of Negroes*"—which certainly do not advance the merits of the tale.

Reading "Jezebel" first in an English jacket, I was constrained to admit it the best novel on the Negro that I had read; but since that time "Porgy" has come amongst us—and, anyway, the West Indies, Mr. Firbank and others to the contrary, is jealous of its rapture and its dualities.

Jezebel, the dusky strumpet whose loves embellish the tale, is a creation of whimsicality and astounding omniscience. I do not know of a single Lescaut or Bovary whose passion for debate—her views on the generic habits of poets is a polite rationalization of her own contempt for the breed—is stronger, less humorous. And humor is one of the initial claims of the work. Jezebel's first affair is with Masheen Dyle, whose adventures parallel hers to the point where there are clearly too many people to keep the threads of the story moving coherently. It stops abruptly when the number of men who interest Jezebel begins to multiply.

Parenthetically, MacFall's unforgettable introduction of Dyle as a lad of six, or thereabouts, deserted by the subtly-named Virginia Dyle, is one of the most touching passages in the book, and in the emotions of pity and helplessness it arouses, strikes a vein of truth peculiarly relevant to Negro experience. Virginia is pictured on the wharf at Bridgetown the day she is to sail for the Isthmus. She is going as the "guest" of the Cockney skipper. Holding on to her skirt is a little barefooted black boy. In querulous contrast to his mother he is dusty, raggedy, unkempt. He is agitated by a hazy, curious premonition. His virgin little mind swiftly absorbs the scene, the wash-blue blouses of the sailors, the Union Jack in the breeze, the white, foaming sea, the lively bustle of the wharf. Unusually solicitous is his mother—and the boy is afraid. Anxiously he ponders. Candy, "sweet talk," fabulous promises are made him. Then Virginia embarks. The boy begins to weep. "Never mind, son, mama is coming back." She gets in the boat; is off; the boy is alone. Dusk is impending. With a splash of oars, the boat is braving the phosphorescent sea. Away, away it goes; and the boy is lonely. The impending dusk falls. Soon he realizes he has got to move, walk, do something. From the dusk-dim sweep of the sea he turns and starts up the wharf—into the night and the silent, sullen city.

With the angle of narration constantly shifting, the story sprawls along, confusingly. Sometimes, as in the account of the wedding or in the ghost scene, (a jarring note in surroundings crassly realistic) the essentials of the plot are effectively obscured in a hurricane of words.

To Mr. MacFall's transcriptions of the speech of the West Indian peasantry I am not sensitive. Nor do I wish to quarrel with him upon the academic question of rendering into a fiendish dialect certain words which in their literalness lose none of their euphonic bearing. But I do take issue with him on the grounds of reality when he masquerades before us Boaz Bryan, Nicodemus Dredge, Elias Chugrew, and Cecil Montagu Horton Boyes, as folk purporting to be lifted from the native intelligentsia. Were it conceived in the garb of burlesque, I would accept the book unquestioningly; but to endeavor to be amusing at the expense of a people whose culture and moral precepts ought to be intelligible to such as MacFall, if to anyone, is another matter entirely.

I suspect our soldier-author did not get much of an opportunity truly to examine his material, as an officer stationed at Port Royal. Yet, at about the time he wrote, there was in Barbadoes a Negro chief justice, Sir Conrad Reeves, and in Jamaica there were black jurists who dominated the bench and men of Negro blood in politics, education, and medicine, trained at Oxford, Cambridge, and Edinburgh, who could have relieved Mr. MacFall's portraits of the taint of spuriousness. Even today, if Mr. MacFall were to return to the tropics, he would find Hector Joseph and Albert Marryshaw and Herbert DeLisser and others of a vigorous cultural stock alertly to challenge the awful "eddicated" slobs he sets to wooing Jezebel.

But I suppose when I wish to be entertained by West Indian humor, I must turn to "Susan Proudleigh," or the sparkling prattle of Mistah Cuffee de Pool, or the folk tales of the Virgin Islands.

First Poems of Promise

NOT POPPY. By VIRGINIA MOORE. New York: Harcourt, Brace. 1926. $1.75.

Reviewed by JOSEPH T. SHIPLEY

THE statement that the scientist alone looks "on Beauty bare" was of course not intended to imply that the artist barely looks on Beauty. Indeed, the scientist rather seeks that concordance between word and external object which we hypostatize as Truth, while the artist is busy rousing the harmony between word and subjective image that we hail as Beauty.

Miss Virginia Moore is familiar with the various forms in which nature reveals its truth and beauty. Her volume is colored with birds and flowers; form, fragrance, taste; she is most at home when afield. Words in themselves are also part of her play-world; for the spirit that stirs in these verses is that of a roving, romping child, expanding to the wonder of life, and only beginning to glimpse that portion of its wonder which is pain. The person who can cry "But if you love me, O never Deprive me of my sorrow" wears that sorrow only as a scarf against the winds of joy.

WHEN I'M A WOMAN

I tear these paltry poems
Traced, dead, on lifeless sheets,
To black and white confetti—
What are they but conceits?

When I'm a woman flowered
From this unbursted bud,
I'll generate a poem
Of flesh and blood,

A live and rounded lyric
With little riming joints,
And eyes set, sweet and sudden,
Like exclamation points.

Unlike the scientist, the artist weaves all nature directly back to man.

While this first volume formally sets Miss Moore in the waiting seat at the Round Table of American poets, her maiden venture is not wholly *sans reproche*. Her chief technical error is the subtle one of succumbing to the tangent. In her work the fault takes the less obvious form of anti-climax; her last lines too often (as in "When I'm a Woman," above) dart along a tempting figure away from the main effect, and leave an impression of triviality or levity in place of the clean continuing strength of her better poems and of all art.

Miss Moore seems to be experimenting with assonance; she has not ventured, however, to employ it throughout a poem, or varied lengthily with rhyme; and her turning to it just once or twice, in an otherwise regularly rhymed form, makes it seem the easy recourse to an olden "poetic license" when valid rhymes are not a hand.

The "Seven Sonnets to a Sultan" surge perhaps freest from these preoccupations, from this insufficient realization; they and the verses that spring with the flower and fly with the bird will perhaps escape the destruction which the poetess, recognizing that buds must fade for fruit to ripen, promises when she is "a woman." Meanwhile there blossoms the ephemeral beauty of youth.

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A Letter from London

By Mrs. W. K. Clifford

A DISTINGUISHED critic complained the other day that "The Letters of Maurice Hewlett," which we are all reading, are disappointing and dull. Of course they are. He was the most loyal of friends, but his pen did not lend itself to the amiable platitudes or mild philosophies that usually decorate the correspondence of educated men and women. His brief notes were interspersed here and there with a striking sentence; but he seldom wasted his energy on more than this: and when he sat at his table it was to dream himself into the Middle Ages, into Italy, into romance and unusualness, as all his books testify. He was a good talker, a fascinating companion; quietly alert, yet dreamy and queer (I use the word affectionately), indifferent to most of the things that worldly men care for; but so tense about many they do not care for that it was no wonder his strength gave way. Even to look at him, in later years, was to feel that he had not enough strength, or physical material, left to do the work he asked of it: it had burnt out. Society bored him; and, though he loved beautiful things, picturesque shows, and good music, his leanings and dreamings all seemed to go to centuries long past. Or in the present, when he was actively awake, towards the betterment of the world and, especially, towards improved conditions for the poor. He had a keen sense of injustice, and gave a quick response to the needs and appeals of all sorts of people round him. It led him occasionally into unwise speech and imaginings, as when he opened a lecture to working men with "Gentlemen, today you are the masters of England." Naturally his hearers, instead of being stimulated by wise counsel to strive after a higher standard of work, or good citizenship, stood on their hind-legs and went away to strike, or to talk revolutionary nonsense among themselves. Yet a higher standard of work was what he most desired for them—for everybody; shoddy stuff of any kind shocked him; and of his own work he was always hyper-critical. For money or place he cared little; he resigned an easy and lucrative post to give himself wholly to literature. When fortune was good to him, he went to Italy and did the things he loved best; when the public tired of him, he gave up his good house in Wiltshire, took a workman's cottage, wrote poetry or essays on many aspects of nature, and for amusement *did some gardening*, though he was not strong enough to do much at it.

I should like to tell how I first came to know him; the story has been partly told before, but this is the first time I have written it down. Long ago they lived opposite our house—he and his little wife, who was as clever as she could stick, and as unconventional as himself. It was she who decorated their really beautiful rooms in Moorish fashion; there were few things of this sort she could not do; and years later, during the war, she had a government contract for aeroplanes with, I believe, some improvement of her own; employed hundreds of people and made a fortune—which, I feel certain, she gave away, just as he would have done.

We were strangers in those early days. One afternoon to my surprise Mrs. Hewlett appeared, and explained that they had read a book of mine; her husband wrote poetry, we were neighbors—and—and would we know them? We did, and much delight grew out of it. Several months later, charming and apologetic, he arrived with a brown paper parcel under his arm. He had written a novel, didn't know if it was any good, probably not; would I read it and, if necessary, be brutally truthful? Of course I would; and he left it. That brown paper parcel sat on a side table and worried me for days—in which he carefully avoided me, but went up and down the road on his bicycle, till it was like the flick of a whip. When I could bear it no longer, late one evening, I undid the string and found—"The Forest Lovers." I read it all night and could have danced for joy, probably did. I insisted on its going to the Macmillans, wrote to them, or went to them. They agreed to read it, but they had it a long time without making a sign: and again Maurice Hewlett went up and down on his bicycle, with his head turned my way this time. I pretended not to see him. One afternoon at a party I met Sir Frederick (then Mr.) Macmillan. He shook his head: "Our readers have tackled it," he said, "but I am afraid your friend's book won't do." I called his readers a bad name or two, and begged him to go home and read it himself. Evidently he did, for the book was published and made thousands. Maurice Hewlett sent me the very first copy. To my surprise it was dedicated to me, and with it came a note which I keep, and shall always keep. Any others I have burnt; most of them consisted of a few words concerning his family or work, or a swift glance at the world as he was seeing it then. They were not meant for print. I have safeguarded them from it. It was good to know Maurice Hewlett, he was so stimulating, so quick to understand, and often suggestive of better things one might do than those one had in hand; but, even with a brilliant sentence or two thrown in, he was not a good letter-writer.

Foreign Notes

IN his "Amerika und Sein Problem" (Munich: Meyer & Jessen), M. J. Bonn, the noted German democrat writer, presents an interesting survey of conditions on the American continent. The first portion of his work is given over to a survey of Canadian affairs, and the succeeding exposition of the standardization of civilization effected by the gigantic mail order businesses of the country. Herr Bonn examines at length into the racial elements of America, and takes up the problem of the effects which the limitation of immigration may be supposed to produce.

The second part of the monumental "Slovaske Literatury" (Prague: Rivnak) in which Professor Jan Machal is presenting a detailed account of all that has been produced by Slavonic novelists, poets, and playwrights from the earliest times to the present has recently appeared. Its six hundred pages present with a liveliness that in no way interferes with their scholarly character a survey in the main of the Romantic period. Mr. Machal's method consists in grouping figures and tendencies, and providing what practically amounts to an essay for each group. The essays are followed by selective bibliographies.

The unusual happening is reported of an American novel finding acceptance here in London before it is taken in New York. Mr. Martin Secker, we learn, has decided to publish shortly a first novel entitled, "The Red Pavillion." It is by a young Chicago newspaper man, Mr. John Gunther, now on the staff of the Chicago *Daily News* in London. Apparently Mr. Secker was largely influenced in his decision by Miss Rebecca West, who had read the story in MS. and was exceptionally eloquent in her praise.

There has recently come to light through the opening of the archives of an Austrian family to a French man of letters a batch of letters from Madame de Stael to a young Austrian aristocrat by the name of Maurice O'Donnell. Apparently this young captain of Irish descent was but twenty-five when Madame de Stael, then thirty-nine, first met him in Venice. The correspondence which sprang up between them upon their separation after five days of fairly constant companionship appears at first to have had nothing of a sentimental nature about it. Madame de Stael, however, was apparently much attracted by O'Donnell, for three years later, when her repeated invitations that he come to visit her had borne no fruit, she set out for Vienna with the object of seeing him. There she made him her constant attendant, engaged him as secretary so as to assure herself a lien upon his time, and to judge from the notes which passed back and forth between them, fell passionately in love with him. O'Donnell apparently played the part of a passive lover for a time, but it is evident that at no time was he actually in love with her. After her departure from Vienna he summoned up courage to admit the nature of his feelings and to break off the incipient engagement that had been the work of Madame de Stael. The correspondence continued, however, Madame de Stael continuing for a time to address passionate letters to O'Donnell and later to write to him in the cooler terms of friendship. Only her letters are preserved in the collection that has just been discovered.

Philip Guedalla is at work on a Life of Palmerston. It is no doubt meet that he who ranks in some minds as the most impudent of biographers should deal with the minister who most frequently and openly was rude to Queen Victoria.

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Points of View

"Teeftallow"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

I should like to touch upon certain misconceptions, apparent to a native of Tennessee, exhibited in the majority of reviews of Mr. T. S. Stribling's latest novel "Teeftallow." Exceptionally generous, and well deserved praise of this book has appeared in all quarters, and the book bears every evidence that it is bound for more than ephemeral consideration. Were it not for this, and the fact that "Teeftallow" has been regarded in many quarters as a sociological study of the South, rather than as an unusually fine novel, this comment would be superfluous.

Mr. Stribling has been accused of writing an allegory. He has been depicted as holding implacable hatred of the people he draws with such accurate perception. "Cold," "pitiless," "a pen dipped in acid," "no sympathy for the benighted folk of the Tennessee intellectual desert," are all typical recapitulations of certain aspects of most of the reviews. I doubt whether Mr. Stribling intended to do more than weave a dramatic tale of the people of a small section of Tennessee, more isolated physically, and as isolated mentally, as, say, the Pennsylvania Dutch, or the Mormons of Utah.

Of some importance in the consideration of a serious work is the correct identification of *locale*. In the fifteen or twenty reviews of the book I have read, all reviewers, probably with the Dayton evolution trial in mind, have spoken of Mr. Stribling's characters as East Tennessee mountaineers. Mr. Stribling, I imagine, does not take such lapses seriously, and probably smiles over them, but his own hill people would resent that implication as much as a San Franciscan would be irritated over being called an Angelino. There is just about the same difference, as the crow flies, between the mountaineers and the hill people as there is between the two California cities.

The author of "Teeftallow" was born in, and still regards as home, the little Tennessee river town of Clifton, in Wayne county on the border line of West Tennessee and Middle Tennessee. The county seat of Wayne county is Waynesboro, and a few miles distant from Waynesboro is Iron City on the L. and N. Railroad. A slight change in names giving Lane county, Lanesburg and Irontown in the novel, physical description of the country, and, most important of all, the superior sophistication of his characters, establish beyond question Mr. Stribling's own county as his theatre of operations in the present book.

Even now, as he tells, the Fords have descended on the county like a flight of Egyptian locusts. I suspect that the radio is to be found in the county seat and the more prosperous homes. Compulsory school laws have been in operation for several years. With all these things, and the no doubt well intentioned solicitousness of the Yankee states over the South's non-conformity to current styles in thought and religion, Wayne county people of the next or following generation will come to be just like everybody else.

Mr. Stribling, I believe, would be the last man to say that he has written a study of normal activities in the hill country. What he has done, with his marvellous power of observation and memory, is to dramatize through a limited number of flesh and blood figures the intensely local translations, both in vernacular and action, of universal human characteristics, using material gathered from perhaps half the inhabitants of the county. I would go even further and assert that every action recorded by Mr. Stribling has had its counterpart at some time within the county, and, with local variations, all over the United States. Mr. Stribling with his deep insight into human nature has written a true "Comedie Humaine." But if it is allegory, I do not know the meaning of the word.

As for being a crusader, Mr. Stribling is too much alive to the beauty of things as they are to wish to lay a profaning hand on the life of an almost Arcadian people. Undoubtedly he derives rare fun from the human spectacle, and a particular sort of intimate amusement from his Wayne county friends. Although it does not intrude in "Teeftallow" to slow up the swift unfolding of his story, there is much philosophic material, direct, and implied, for it is a superb exposition of what any highly cultured man, privy to the Wayne county variant of human struggles, would reflect. Certainly there is shown in the book no hint of condemnation, nor an overwhelming desire to see these people changed.

As for hatred of his characters, and a vitriolic pen; what nonsense! Mr. Stribling shows neither approval nor disapproval. He has found a good story to tell, and then, I suspect, heartily enjoying the telling; has gone about its relation with a degree of competency reaching the absolute. If there is a question of sympathy or lack of sympathy the division is certainly upon the side of sympathy.

WILGAR COLEMAN.

New York City.

Analyzing Literature

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

It is pleasant to hear from Professor Norman Foerster ("American Literature," issue of April 3rd) that "we are now ready for free and fresh thought" in our studies of American literature. But it is distressing to find that his ideas of free and fresh thought simmer down eventually to those shop-worn tags—European influence, puritan tradition, romanticism, and realism. Can the professor be spoofing us when he refers to these classifications as "fresh, and scientific"?

Realism and romanticism are stale and unscientific distinctions. What can romanticism be, if Professor Foerster makes it include such diverse figures as Thoreau, Longfellow, Poe, Whittier, and Lowell? The futility of such classifications is shown when the professor himself first calls Whitman a romantic and later a realist. What sort of science or logic is that?

Equally unscientific is the idea that literature can be studied as a subdivision of history. In all our vast college curricula, no attempt is made to study any subject but literature (and history itself) by chopping it up into small historical periods. There are, of course, introductory survey courses: the history of music, the history of mathematics, the history of education. But after this child's play, nobody goes on with Victorian mathematics, the puritan tradition in mathematics, and the mathematics of the early seventeenth century. Nobody learns to paint pictures by walking through rooms of chronologically arranged paintings. Nobody learns to play the piano or to appreciate such music by listening to the world's masterpieces in chronological order.

Literature is not history, and history is not literature. The very items in which a book peculiarly reflects its own times are the hindrances to its universal appreciation as literature; the thorough contemporaneousness of H. G. Wells, say the critics, is his literary doom. And when some book unites social influence with literary qualities, it is promptly ignored by the literary historians; look for Henry George's "Progress and Poverty" in the textbooks. The study of literature as history is a confession of failure to establish scientific methods of analysis and reasonable standards of value.

The division of all our writings under two heads (European culture and American environment) is a characteristic part of the current farce. Study geometry by dividing it into Egyptian and Greek. Study chemistry by classifying it into (a) German chemistry and (b) French chemistry. Study architecture and learn to build or to admire houses by writing a thesis on the sexual impotence of Phidias. Study painting and learn to sketch or to appreciate sketches by investigating whether Turner did or did not die in a tavern house brawl over a woman on the thirtieth day of May. Apply to the study of anything else the cock-eyed study of origins now so revered in literature, and you'll land in the same blind alley.

Professor Foerster is not more eager than I for a new dispensation, but it seems to me that he neglects the very axioms of literary study. You cannot analyze any art or science on a historical basis. Nor can you learn anything about the qualities of art by a study of its origins, any more than you can learn the qualities of water by studying those of hydrogen and oxygen. Values, in literature as elsewhere, depend never on causes, always on results.

W. L. WERNER.

State College, Pa.

Erratum

Through an error of the composing room the name of William A. Deacon, a foreign correspondent of the *Saturday Review of Literature*, was substituted for that of Frederick M. Hopkins under the article on Rare Books in the issue of the *Saturday Review* of March 13. Mr. Hopkins is, of course, the writer of the Rare Book columns.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Art

THE CHARLTON LECTURES ON ART: THE DEVELOPMENT OF MODERN LANDSCAPE. By the HON. WALTER J. JAMES; Vermeer of Delft and Modern Painting, by GEORGE CLAUSEN, R.A.; The Eye of Erasmus, by WILLIAM NORTON HOWE, M.A., New York: The Oxford University Press. 1925.

These three lectures were delivered at Armstrong College, Newcastle-on-Tyne, on a foundation in memory of an alumnus, William Henry Charlton, who retired from business at thirty-six to become a painter. Certain of his drawings, which show a talent justifying the renunciation, are reproduced through the text. The three lectures are excellent examples of the British type, carefully studied, unemphatic, giving more than appears on hasty reading. In the lecture on landscape are especially judicious observations on values, the use of memory and scale—vital matters to the landscape painter. The novel feature of Mr. Clausen's estimate of Vermeer is his insistence that slow and elaborate preparation is implied in this immaculate work. Mr. Howe cites from Erasmus's writings the evidences of his keen interest in the beautiful, and well makes out his case. The odd fact that Erasmus was entirely silent as to the art of Raphael's and Michelangelo's Rome, whereas he expatiates discriminatingly on the art of Dürer, remains unexplained. We venture to suggest that one who, like Erasmus, had actually practiced a painting akin to Metsys's might readily find the art of the Italian renaissance as alien as say the average illustrator today finds a cubist. In short, a fine humanism in literature is not necessarily convertible into humanism in the visual arts.

CHINESE LACQUER. By *Edward F. Strange*. Scribners. $35.

EX VOTO. By *Samuel Butler* (Shrewsbury Edition). Dutton.

COLOUR AND INTERIOR DECORATION. By *Basil Ionides*. Scribner's. $3.75.

SKETCHING IN LEAD PENCIL FOR ARCHITECTS AND OTHERS. By *Jasper Salivey*. Scribner's. $3.

AN INTRODUCTION TO ENGLISH CHURCH ARCHITECTURE. By *Francis Bond*. Oxford University Press. $35.

Belles Lettres

SUPPLEMENT TO THE LETTERS OF HORACE WALPOLE. Vol. III. Edited by PAGET TOYNBEE. Oxford University Press. 1926.

Lovers of the letters of Horace Walpole will seize upon this additional volume with the same avidity that Walpole seized upon a new volume of Mme. de Sevigné's letters. The definitive edition of Walpole's letters, which is one of the monuments of English scholarship, now extends to nineteen volumes. Mrs. Toynbee's first volume appeared in 1903; her husband's first two supplementary volumes in 1918. That in another five years or so he may have enough new material for a fourth supplement is the devout wish of all good Eighteenth Century enthusiasts.

In the present volume there are 105 new letters, bringing the grand total to 3,424. Of almost equal interest are 156 letters addressed to Walpole. These add considerable zest to many of Walpole's own letters, they help the feeling of intimacy which is part of the charm of the nineteen volumes, and they serve as a foil to the master. No "gentleman's library" can pretend to completeness until it has added the entire set to its shelves.

THE MUSICAL GRAMARIAN. By *Roger Worth*. Edited by *Hilda Andrews*. Oxford. $1.25.

THE JEALOUS WIFE. A comedy. By *George Colman*. Oxford. .35.

NAPOLEON'S CAMPAIGN OF 1812. By *Hilaire Belloc*. Harpers. $3.50.

TIBETAN TALES. Derived from Indian Sources. New edition with a preface by *C. A. F. Rhys Davids*. Dutton. $5.

Biography

FORTY YEARS A GAMBLER ON THE MISSISSIPPI. By GEORGE H. DEVOL. Holt. 1926. $2.

A cabin boy in 1839; could steal cards and cheat the boys at eleven; stack a deck at fourteen; bested soldiers on the Rio Grande during the Mexican War; won hundreds of thousands from paymasters, cotton buyers, defaulters and thieves; fought more rough-and-tumble fights than any man in America and was the most daring gambler in the world.

So the title page of the new, reprinted edition of Mr. Devol's memoirs sets forth without exaggeration. The stage is usually a Mississippi River steamer in the palmy days, or the bar-rooms of New Orleans and river town hotels. The *dramatis personae* Mr. Devol, his "capper," perhaps an accomplice barkeep, and as many "suckers" as could be roped in. Faro, monte, poker, dice, marked cards, all the paraphernalia. And ladies' diamonds—Mr. Devol was always returning ladies' diamonds—baskets of wine, pistols, riots and massacres. Mr. Devol fought with his head, using it to flatten adversaries' noses.

The stories—the book is simply a succession of anecdotes—the stories are amusing, brisk with violence at times, invested with that suspense which accompanies the fate of thousand dollar bills. Inevitably there is a certain sameness of procedure and outcome, a repetition of incident, accentuated by the fact that Mr. Devol assumes a familiarity on the reader's part with the intricacies of gambling games equal to his own. Once in a while there is spice. As for instance General Butler at New Orleans during the Civil War.

He closed up all the gambling houses (Mr. Devol records), and then issued licenses for public gambling to anyone who would pay the fee and take his brother in as a partner. His profits must have been enough to make him independently rich without the spoons. . . . He took the marble statue of Henry Clay out of the State House at Baton Rouge and shipped it to his home in Massachusetts. He could not hide that as easily as he could the spoons, so after the war the United States Government made him return it, and that nearly killed him. . . . He gave me two silver spoons to remember him by, and I have them yet.

For a reader interested in the background and color of the day the book is infuriating. The sort of book one pounces on in a public library, expecting to see the Mississippi steamers go puffing by, all the racket and splendor of the levees come roaring from its pages. And one finds nothing. Mr. Devol rides in the steamer and gambles. He does not describe, he gives no picture, he creates no scene. One accompanies him on trip after trip, Natchez, Cairo, New Orleans, in the Forties, Fifties and Sixties, and one hears nothing, one sees nothing, except the click of poker chips, the fatuous simplicity of a multitude of "suckers."

How often in this manner, in the search for contemporary detail, does one have cause to regret the indifference to their surroundings of travelers who went, who saw and who did not tell. Almost all one gleans from Mr. Devol in this respect is the baskets of wine!

PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE OF SAMUEL PEPYS. Edited by *J. R. Tanner*. Harcourt, Brace. Two vols. $15.

HAVELOCK ELLIS. By *Isaac Goldberg*. Simon & Schuster. $4.

THE POLITICAL EDUCATION OF WOODROW WILSON. By *James Kerney*. Century. $4.

Fiction

THE VIADUCT MURDER. By RONALD A. KNOX. Simon & Schuster. 1926. $2.

The experienced student of detective stories will know, as soon as he sees the map and the facsimile timetable printed on the jacket, that "The Viaduct Murder" is one of the distinctly better sort. It ranks with Milne's "The Red House," and the Rev. Mr. Knox's humor is even more tweaky than Milne's. This, one supposes, is the same Mr. Knox once of Balliol College, though the publishers don't give us any clue; anyhow it is obviously written by an Oxford man, as two or three references, intelligible only to Oxonians, plainly show.

Which brings us to an old problem: Why is it that these Englishmen, at their best, write so much more successful detective stories than we do? The mystery in this case is a rather mild one but it is told with the most infectious reasonableness, charm, and gay humor. People like Arthur Train and Simeon Strunsky, two of our best judges of this sort of literature, will adore this book. It has real bean in it.

This reviewer often wonders what a reader who doesn't know England can make of casual phrases and allusions in British books that are quite strange to the U. S. Tooth "powder" the American reader can grasp, though for us it is always tooth "paste." But what will Babbitt make of a "slip," in the railway sense? A "slip," let us explain, is a "carriage" (viz., car)

(*Continued on next page*)

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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

that is detached from a speeding train to let off passengers for a station where the train does not stop. The reviewer thinks with pleasure of Babbitt racking his brains to understand Mr. Knox's references to the "slip." Mr. Knox has also invented a new service for chewing-gum in detective literature, which endears him to us. It is a good yarn and we wish it well.

SECRET HARBOUR. By STEWART EDWARD WHITE. Doubleday, Page. 1926. $2.

When an author utilizes such thin and puerile stuff, as Mr. White here displays, and wilfully drags it out to three times its natural length, we feel moved meekly to protest. The story is a very light adventure romance, in which "X. Anaxagoras, Healer of Souls," experiments on his brother-in-law, the wealthy and aimless Jerry Marshall. The *Spindrift*, Jerry's sailing yacht, with the Doctor, the patient, the latter's wife Betsy, and a full crew, departs upon a haphazard voyage up the northern Pacific along the Canadian coast. The curiosity and suspicion of the travelers are aroused by the discovery of illicit gold-mining operations being carried on by two white rascals and a gang of Chinese coolies within clear view of the ship. Of course our adventure seekers land to investigate, and no one need be told of what happens, but, even if the tale were spread over one-hundred pages instead of three hundred and eleven, it would not be very good.

THE IPANE. By R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM. A. & C. Boni. 1926. $1.75.

Cunninghame Graham's first volume of sketches of South American life and manners has, after nearly thirty years, here been reprinted in America. The Scotch hidalgo has never shown an aptitude for felicitous titles, and "The Ipane," which happens to be merely the name of a vessel mentioned in the first of these fifteen papers, little suggests the color, information, and interest packed into the book. One sketch is a character study of a jovial, scholarly, high-minded English merchant in Asuncion, who comes to a tragic death; one is an account of the Argentine custom of holding a dance to celebrate the entry of a dead child into bliss, the pallid corpse throned on a table above the revellers; one is a description of the use of the bola by Pampas horsemen; and so on. The nearest approach to a real story in the volume is the history of a reckless young Mexican in a town on the Texas border, and his hanging for shooting an American citizen. Nothing in the volume stands out as highly distinguished; there is no narrative like "Success" here. But the stamp of Cunninghame Graham, his rough vividness, his keen observation, his unconventional view of morals, his delight in the exotic, the untamed, and the perilous, are upon almost every page.

ROUGH JUSTICE. By *C. E. Montague*. Doubleday, Page. $2.

PROUD REVELRY. By *Amber Lee*. Seltzer. $2.

THE STRANGER WITHIN THE GATES. By *C. Nina Boyle*. Seltzer. $2.

FLIGHT. By *Walter White*. Knopf. $2.50.

A NEW EARTH. By *C. E. Jacomb*. London: Rutledge.

THE LOVE OF MADAMOISELLE. By *George Gibbs*. Appleton. $2.

TREASURE ROYAL. By *William Garrett*. Appleton. $2.

CAPTAIN FRACASSE. By *Theophie Gautier*. Appleton. $2.50.

THE SACRED TREE. By *Lady Murasaki*. Houghton, Mifflin. $3.50.

TURBOTT WOLFE. By *William Plomer*. Harcourt, Brace. $2.

WILDE HEART. By *Isabelle Sandy*. Houghton, Mifflin. $2.

WHAT IS TO BE. By *J. C. Snaith*. Appleton. $2.

EVA AND THE DERELICT BOAT. By *Franz Molnar*. Bobbs-Merrill. $2.50.

IN BAD WITH SINBAD. By *Arthur Stringer*. Bobbs-Merrill. $1.

SIMONETTA PERKINS. By *L. P. Hartley*. Putnam. $2.

O GENTEEL LADY! By *Esther Forbes*. Houghton, Mifflin. $2.

PLUPY, BEANY AND PEWT, CONTRACTORS. By *Henry A. Shute*. Dorrance. $2.

A LITTLE CAPTIVE LAD. By *Beulah Marie Dix*. Macmillan. $1.75.

Juvenile

LONG LEGS, BIG MOUTH & BURNING EYES. By OLGA KOVALSKY and BRENDA PUTNAM. Illustrations by Rhoda Chase. Springfield: Milton, Bradley. 1926. $3.

Authors and illustrator have combined their talents with a joyous fertility in this new book of Russian fairy stories. Many of the shorter ones are proverbial folk tales, handed down by word of mouth and possessing the deeply colored atmosphere, the grim humor and the personification of the elements so typical of the Russian imagination. There is a cosmic quality, a laughing grotesqueness about them. They are of the earth. The quaintest and most engaging pieces in the book are "When the Sun Pays a Call," "The Reed Flute," "Mother Good Luck" and "The Magic Tree." "Mother Good Luck" is quite as delicious a bit of freakishness as one could find in forty days journeyings:

> Sometimes as she goes along the road, she hears foot steps of a passer-by and thinking he *might* be her son, she picks him up very gently in her two hands and raises him above her head so that she may look at him. . . . And so at one time or another in our lives, we are all pretty sure to be lifted up by Good Luck,—until she drops us again and wanders on to pick up someone else.

Rhoda Chase had a gold tipped brush in her hand when she drew that picture of rotund Mother Luck examining the mortal child!

FIVE OF US AND MADELINE. By *E. Nesbit*. Adelphi. $1.75 net.

DE L 'AMOUR. By *Destutt de Tracy*. Paris: Les Belles Lettres.

THE BOYS' BOOK OF CANOEING. By *Elon Jessup*. Dutton. $2.

MARY REDDING TAKES CHARGE. By *Linda Stevens Almond*. Crowell. $1.75 net.

PLAYMATES IN AMERICA. By *Ransford Beach*, Holt. $3.

GREEN GATE. By *Agnes McClelland Doulton*, Century. $1.75.

DORSET'S TWISTER. By *William Heyliger*. Appleton. $1.75.

THE ADVENTURE OF THE SEVEN KEYHOLES. By *Augusta Huiell Seaman*. Century. $1.50.

The Able McLaughlins, *by Margaret Wilson, winner of Harper's 1922-23 Prize Novel Contest; was awarded* THE PULITZER PRIZE *for 1923.*

The Perennial Bachelor, *by Anne Parrish, winner of Harper's 1924-25 Contest, achieved an immediate critical and popular success; it is now selling in its second hundred thousand.*

Harper's 1926-7 $2,000 Prize Novel Competition

Judges:

Jesse Lynch Williams
Former President Authors' League of America

Carl Van Doren
Author "The American Novel"

John Erskine, *Columbia University*
Author of "The Private Life of Helen of Troy"

¶ To the Author of the best novel, as determined by the judges, Harper & Brothers will pay as a Prize the outright sum of $2,000, *in addition to the ordinary terms of royalty*, which will be arranged with the Author. The conditions of this Competition are as follows:

1. Any author shall be eligible for the Prize who is an American citizen and who has not published a novel in book form prior to January 1, 1919.

2. Only manuscripts of unpublished works, submitted to Harper & Brothers before February 1, 1927, and accompanied by the declaration of the Author that the manuscript is submitted in competition for the prize, shall be considered.

3. All manuscripts submitted in competition must be offered to Harper & Brothers for publication on terms to be arranged between the Author and Publisher. The successful work shall be chosen from among those manuscripts accepted by Harper & Brothers for publication and the Prize shall be in addition to and independent of the royalty to be arranged for in the usual way.

4. Harper's Magazine shall have the right to publish the successful work serially on terms to be arranged with the Author, but this right may be waived.

5. No manuscript containing less than 30,000 words shall be considered as a novel for the purpose of this Competition, and preference will be given in general to works of full novel length.

6. Harper & Brothers shall use all reasonable care to pass promptly on manuscripts submitted in competition for this Prize and to return those found unavailable for publication, but they will not be responsible for manuscripts lost in transit.

7. The judges of the competition shall be JESSE LYNCH WILLIAMS, former president of The Authors' League of America; CARL VAN DOREN, author of "The American Novel"; JOHN ERSKINE, Columbia University. Their decision shall be accepted on all questions of eligibility or interpretation of the rules, and their award shall be final.

8. The award shall be made and publicly announced as soon as possible after the close of the Competition.

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With a Preface by John Jacob Coss

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Edited by
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"FIFTY years hence our grandchildren will wonder what their ancestors could have meant by putting Mr. Dickens at the head of the novelists of his time." So wrote *The London Saturday Review* of Charles Dickens in 1858. ¶ So wrote other reviewers (among them, John Taylor Coleridge, John Morley, Robert Buchanan, Andrew Lang and W. E. Henley), of such masters as Stevenson, Hardy, Rossetti, Walt Whitman, Hawthorne, Tennyson, Byron, Swinburne, Bronte and Hazlitt. ¶ These famous attacks are gathered together into a fascinating book, full of surprises, and offering astonishing sidelights on the course of English literature. $2.50

Boni and Liveright

The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*.

A BALANCED RATION

"BANZAI." By *John Paris* (Boni & Liveright).

"OBERLIN'S THREE STAGES." By *Jacob Wassermann* (Harcourt).

"THE ROSALIE EVANS LETTERS FROM MEXICO" (Bobbs-Merrill).

M. S. U., Minneapolis, and M. B. T., Fresno, Cal., ask for the name of a series of phrase-books that I recommended some months ago as practical for travelers.

"WHAT to Say and How to Say It in French" (Heman) was the book I suggested; you can get it at Brentano's, as well as a corresponding one for Italian. The one for German seems to be out of print, but there is another series for European countries (Hugo) from which "All You Want in Germany" may be taken. This "All You Want" series covers the map and it depends on how truly contented with your earthly lot you are whether the title is accurate or not. My only complaint against phrase-books is that they start things they can't finish. You address, let us say, a Russian, in a well-turned sentence to which he should reply, distinctly, yes or no. Instead, misled by your assurance, he tips a bucket of liquid Slavonic over you and pauses expectant for reply. The Garnier Frères, in their famous "Manual of Conversation," take the palm for preparedness: they carry through the complete transaction of offering to a publisher the manuscript of a metaphysical treatise and tell you how to call for a boot-jack. *C. C. M., Nebraska City, Neb.*, who is reading for a degree, asks for books that will help him organize a study of French and German for that purpose. "How to Study Modern Languages in Colleges," by Peter Hagboldt, and the same author's "How to Study Foreign Languages in High School" (University of Chicago), pamphlets costing 27 cents each, discuss aims and methods of modern language study, inhibitions and fundamental principles, and give rules for studying grammar, pronounciation, vocabulary, reading and translation. He asks if the Hugo system really works. I have known it to work very well in the hands of a determined student.

W. H. P., Schenectady, N. Y., asks for a book of etiquette for children as yet unburdened with the duties of social entertainments.

THIS fleeting vision of untrammelled youth brings to mind the saying of Sir George Cornewall Lewis, quoted by Viscount Grey in "Twenty-Five Years" (Stokes), that "life would be tolerable if it were not for its amusements."

I have for some time recommended for this purpose "Good Manners for Home and School," prepared by the faculty of a girls' high school in Philadelphia (Macmillan), and it is still a good choice for the teens, but there is a new one for even younger subjects, "Good Manners for Children," by Elsie Cleveland Mead and Theodora Mead Abel (Dodd Mead). This is concerned first of all with the spirit of courtesy and the most natural and convincing methods for developing it; out of these arise the various forms and formulas of the child's politeness. It thus becomes a little manual of child training, to whose advice it seems to me only the captious could take objection. The section on table manners, for instance, begins with the first meal at which a spoon is held, and gives an honest reason, in the interest of the child, for the table precept, "No talking unless spoken to." Indeed, the whole book is in the interest of the child; incidentally, it will take a strain off many a family, for it straightens out in advance many a domestic traffic jam.

L. H., Greenwood, S. C., is preparing a program on trees in literature, and asks for material.

"UNDER THESE TREES," by Grace Humphrey (Milton Bradley) is made up of the histories of ten trees famous in literature, legend or history. It would be useful in the library of a school celebrating Arbor Day, or of a club with programs like this.

A correspondant whose letter I have mislaid asked me some weeks since if there were any other translations from ancient Japanese literature upon which to exercise a prediliction started by "The Tale of Genji." I hope that he and anyone else in like state, will take this as a further reply without the initials.

WHEN I answered by mail I told this inquirer to read the contemporary autobiography, "A Daughter of the Samurai," by Mme. Sugimoto (Doubleday Page), because anyone who has fallen under the spell of Lady Murasaki should know that there are still Japanese ladies of dignity, sweetness and acumen who write and with their writing bridge the Pacific. Mme. Sugimoto, who is on the faculty of Columbia, is a true daughter of that mediæval caste whose moral ideals permeate the spiritual aristocracy of European writers as dissimilar as Wells and Masefield. The correspondent, however, will be glad to know that another volume, Part II, of "The Tale of Genji" has just been published by Houghton Mifflin and is being caught to the hearts of many readers in his case. I notice also, speaking of ancient oriental fiction, that "The Breeze in the Moonlight," a fourteenth century Chinese novel, has been translated into English by H. Bedford Jones via the French version of George Soulié de Movant, and will be published this spring by Putnam.

M. H., Urbana, Ill., owns a copy of the "Wondergrounde Map of London" published by the Westminster Press, London, and asks if there be similar maps of other cities.

THE only one I know that is at all like it is the map of New York City as it offers amusement and instruction to the young hero of Annie Carroll Moore's "Nicholas" (Putnam). This forms the end-papers of the book: an extra copy decorated my wall until it was lost in moving. The end-paper of "Gypsy Down the Lane," by Thames Wilson (Small Maynard), is a picturesque and high-handed arrangement of the map of the United States as involved in this novel, second in a series to reflect American life in its wilder and more primitive aspects. Take it from the publishers, this man's first name is pronounced *Thay*-mes, and he has been hobo, wrestling instructor, finger-print expert, translator, circus hand, sheep-herder, college professor and research-worker in ethnology.

This, however, leads us away from maps, and the amateur just beginning to take interest in collecting them may be looking for just such a book as "Maps: their History, Characteristics and Uses," by Sir Herbert George Fordham (Cambridge University Press), a delightful little volume recommended to me by the librarian of the American Georgraphical Society. "Terrestrial and Celestial Globes," by E. L. Stevenson (Yale University Press) is a two-volume work published for the Hispanic Society in 1921. Paul Paine has just made a new pictorial "Northward Map of Truthful Tales" (Syracuse Public Library) which with the accompanying Gold Star List of fiction including books by Canadian authors, will be welcomed by clubs calling for material on this subject.

M. K., Iowa City, Ia., is making a study of the tendency in modern fiction to present the yellow race, particularly the Japanese, in an unfavorable light, so that prejudices against them result, and asks for aid in documentation.

THE first effect of a preliminary survey of material at hand is surprise at the number of Chinese and Japanese figuring prominently in British and American novels of the last year or two, and the widely differing parts they are made to play. There are the Californian yellow-peril outcries, Gene Stratton Porter's "Her Father's Daughter" (Doubleday Page), and "Seed of the Sun," by Wallace Irwin (Doran), that present the Japanese in California as a social as well as economic menace, and Peter

(*Continued on next page*)

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The Reader's Guide

(*Continued from preceding page*)

B. Kyne's "Pride of Palomar" (Cosmopolitan), in which an easterner gets into a Californian inter-racial mix-up. There are novels of English or American life among residents in Japan, in which the native appears mainly as background but in which he is almost always treated sympathetically: one of these is Raymond Weaver's extraordinary psychological study of missionary life in Japan, "Black Valley" (Viking)—here the native comes closer to the reader because he, or more often she, is seen through the eyes of a youth whose whole life has been spent in the Far East. Another is Lenox Fane's "Legation Street" (Little Brown), which shows the round of social duties and violations of duty, taking the time of a group of ladies and gentlemen gathered in China for diplomatic service. It reminds me of a play by Maurice Baring, "His Majesty's Embassy" (Little Brown); the two together would give a young man a pretty good idea whether he would like to shine in the *corps diplomatique*. There are the novels of intermarriage, like those of Louise Jordan Miln, "Mr. and Mrs. Sen," and "Ruby and Ivy Sen" (Stokes), the first a story of a true union of individual lives that none the less cannot stand against social and racial pressure and at last kills with homesickness the Chinese husband who has taken his wife back to England. In the second the son and daughter pay spiritually rather than socially for their double, conflicting heritage. In Mrs. Miln's "Feast of Lanterns" and "In a Shantung Garden" (Stokes) the Chinese ladies, drawn with a sympathetic, even affectionate touch, renounce possible personal happiness abroad for fealty to family and nation. H. W. Kinney's "Broken Butterflies" (Little Brown) are Japanese girls educated in the United States and returning to take up a life in Japan, with which they have been set at variance. John Paris's "Kimono" (Boni) is written throughout in a tone of sick and passionate disgust; in his "Sayonara" (Boni), a quieter novel, the Japanese wife kills herself. The east-west mixed-marriage question is reasoned upon at length in Arthur Weigall's "The Way of the East" (Adelphi). Two new books approach the question of assimilation indirectly through biography: John Paris's "Banzai" (Boni) is a study of a real Japanese boy, flying from his country to England; "An Immigrant in Japan," by Theodate Geoffrey (Houghton Mifflin) makes the country real as no book of travel could do, for this American woman adopted native customs, learned the language and ate the food of the people with whom for these years she made her home. The book is different from the very title.

Then there are the thrillers that introduce the yellow race as a mysterious element, whether or not it involves crime, as in the novels of Sax Rohmer, notably "Yellow Shadows"; a new novel by Gene Wright, "Yellow Fingers" (Lippincott), the reprint of Earl Bigger's first-class detective story, "Fifty Candles" (Bobbs), the "Yu-Chi Stone," by Edmund Snell (Macaulay), which involves Borneo-Chinese torture, and the supercrook in Edgar Wallace's "The Sinister Man" (Small). The Chinese priest in John Taintor Foote's "The Number One Boy" (Appleton) sets his psychic powers to work for the happiness of an American officer. In Mrs. Jay Gelzer's "The Street of a Thousand Delights" (McBride) the Chinese in Melbourne, Australia, are represented rather as sinned against than as sinning, and in the novels and the even finer autobiography, "The Wind and the Rain" (Doran), of Thomas Burke, the Chinaman generally gets the best of it in matters of the spirit. "Wang the Ninth," by Putnam Weale (Dodd Mead) is the story of an almost ideal Chinese youth, told from the native standpoint. Elizabeth Cooper's "The Heart of O Sono San" (Stokes) is a Japanese companion-piece to her famous "My Lady of the Chinese Courtyard," and is meant to give American women an idea of the circumference of a Japanese lady's interests and occupations. "In the Claws of the Dragon," by G. S. de Morant (Knopf), a French girl marries a Chinese of high rank, but they can be happy only by their return to Paris.

Then there are the translations, not only the delightful and well beloved "Tale of Genji," by Lady Murasaki (Houghton Mifflin), but a modern Japanese novel, Toyohiko Kagawa's "Before the Dawn" (Doran), that sold half a million copies in the Far East and depicts an idealistic dreamer. There are translations from the classics scattered through the beautiful new book about the outer and inner life of China, "A Chinese Mirror" (Houghton Mifflin), by Florence Ayscough, the collaborator with Amy Lowell in "Fir Flower Tablets," Chinese poems in English verse, and in "The Inconstancy of Madam Chuang and Other Chinese Stories," translated by E. B. Howell (Stokes), will be found some of the tales, vivacious and otherwise, familiar there and here as yet little known, with fine notes. I cannot see any predominant tendency in all this; the motif seems to be used to serve the immediate purposes of the individual author.

Brief Mention

MAINLY miscellaneous is our shelf of books this week. Volumes that add to one's knowledge of one's own country should start this list. They begin with Professor *Charles E. Martin's* "An Introduction to the Study of The American Constitution." Professor Martin is Dean of the Faculty of Social Science at the University of Washington in Seattle. His book is published by the American Branch of the Oxford University Press at three dollars and a half. It is a careful, thorough study of both the political and legal aspects of the history of the Constitution.

Next comes a handsome two-volume set of the third impression of a standard work first published in 1894. This is "The Marquis de Lafayette in the American Revolution," by *Charlemagne Tower*, and comes from Lippincott in Philadelphia ($12). "Classic Concord," as portrayed by Emerson, Hawthorne, Thoreau and the Alcotts, is edited, with biographical sketches, by *Caroline Ticknor* (with drawings by *May Alcott*). It is a volume of descriptive excerpts (Houghton, Mifflin. $7.50). "Homes of Famous Americans," by *Chelsea C. Sherlock* (Meredith Publications, Des Moines, Iowa. $3), consists of brief descriptive essays plentifully illustrated by photographs. Lastly "The Story of Alexander Brown and Sons," by *Frank R. Kent*, issued in Baltimore to commemorate the 125th anniversary of the foundation of that house, is, like the history of the Dupont de Nemours Company, published some years ago, a definite contribution to American economic history. The book itself is admirably made, with abundant illustrations and facsimiles, some of historical importance. This is the story of a great international firm, and proves that such a narrative can be as interesting and as vital as the merely political or military history of the times it covers.

Two books that fall into the general travel category are "The Glamour of British Columbia," by *H. Glynn-Ward* (Century. $3), and "Going to Florida?" (Brentano's. $2). The former is an anecdotal, descriptive book, the record of rambling journeys which together make up an instructive and interesting account of British Columbia and the least known and most remarkable sections of the Continent. It is not a substitute, however, for an organized guide book, but merely a good introduction. "Going to Florida?" is written by *Frank M. Dunbaugh, Jr.*, and is a guide book, not a sales pamphlet, up-to-date and reasonably comprehensive.

"A Book of Wine," by *P. Morton Shand*, proves to be a rare volume for epicures. It is not an argument, *pro* or *con*, but an expert and elaborate treatise on the qualities of wines which Americans now seldom see. It is set here as a pendant to the travel category because it can be recommended for the trip abroad. It is published by Brentano's at $4.50.

"An Account of the Scapa Society," by *Richardson Evans* (London: Constable. 6s), is descriptive of an organized attempt in England to regulate or do away with the signboard nuisance. Scapa means "Society for Checking the Abuses of Public Advertising." This book may possibly prove an inspiration to workers in the same field in this country, which is cursed by such abuses above all other nations. Next to the volume stands, with no particular relevance, "How to Write a Short Story," by *Michael Joseph* (Holt. $2.25). A sensible book in its field! avoiding the usual fault of short-story text-books, since it puts the emphasis on the art and nature of story writing instead of upon how to imitate successful writers. It is written with professional competence as well as with a literary background.

Alfred A. Knopf, whose reissues of the classics are always notable, has brought out in two beautiful volumes Cervantes' "Don Quixote" ($7.50), with an introduction by *George Edward Woodberry*. This is an edition of Ormsby's vigorous translation. Professor Woodberry's preface is graceful, and the book is handsomely made.

Two small books of verse that must be mentioned are "Lines and Lyrics," by *Virginia McDonald* (New York: Revere), which hardly rises above mediocrity, and "Peacocks in the Sun," by *Margaret Root Garvin* (New York: Harold Vinal), which somewhat lacks metrical distinction and exercises well-worn phraseology. And so we pass on to a novel.

"The Woman at the Door," by *Hugo Ballin* (Authors Publishing Corp. $2), is a feverish, lurid romance of modern life and love as presented in the movies at their sentimental worst. It is the typical fiction product one should expect from the city of its manufacture—Hollywood, Calif.

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The World of Rare Books

By Frederick M. Hopkins

SALE OF THRANE LIBRARY

THE library of Victor Thrane, of Chicago, consisting of sets of standard authors, many in choice editions and fine bindings; first editions of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; autograph letters and manuscripts; mementoes of Lafayette; together with sporting books and prints in color, the collection of a well known New Yorker, were sold at the American Art Galleries April 14 and 15, 725 lots bringing $71,102. The three sessions were all well attended by dealers and collectors, and competition throughout was active, and good prices were realized. The highest price, $3,700, was paid for Orme's "Sporting Prints in Color," a series of twenty magnificent colored engravings, from designs by Hewitt, and published in London in 1807.

Other important items and the prices realized were the following:

A'Beckett (G. A.). "The Comic History of England," with colored plates by John Leech, 20 parts in 19, 8vo, original wrappers, in case, London, 1846-48. First edition and rare in original parts. $325.

A'Beckett. "The Comic History of Rome," with colored plates by John Leech, 10 parts in 9, 8vo, original wrappers, in case, London, 1852. First edition, rare in original parts. $225.

Alken (Henry). Three original water color drawings, and one unique proof etching, colored by the artist, depicting five horses in a cross-country hunt. $400.

Alken. "The National Sports of Great Britain," colored plates by Alken, imperial folio, morocco, London, 1820-21. First edition. $650.

Alken. *The Sporting Repository*, with colored plates by Alken and others, 8vo, original half roan, in case, London, 1822. First edition and tall copy. $500.

Alken. "The Life of a Sportsman," with colored plates by Alken, royal 8vo, original blue cloth, in case, London, 1842. First issue of the first edition in pristine condition. $875.

American Statesmen Series, edited by John T. Morse, Jr., First and Second Series, 40 vols., 8vo, half levant, Boston, 1898-1916. Large paper edition. $420.

Audubon (J. J.). "Birds of America" and "Quadrupeds of North America," together 10 vols., royal 8vo, morocco, New York, 1840-54. First octavo edition. $650.

Blake (William). "Songs of Innocence," 6⅜ by 4½ inches, original calf, London, 1789. Plates delicately colored by hand. $1,200.

Borrow (George). Manuscript Note-Book, comprising 122 pages, with author's signature in two places, small 4to, morocco, about 1850. $500.

Dickens (Charles). "Works," 40 vols., 8vo, cloth, London, 1906. National edition. $575.

Fielding (Henry). "Writings," 16 vols., 8vo and 12mo, mottled calf by Reviere, London, 1742-55. All first editions. $450.

Goldsmith (Oliver). "The Citizen of the World," 2 vols., 12mo, levant by Riviere, London, 1862. First edition and rare in uncut state. $615.

Herrick (Robert). "Hesperides," and "His Noble Numbers," 2 vols. in 1, 8vo, levant by Ramage, London, 1648-1647. First editions with leaf of errata. $600.

Hooke (Nicholas). "Amanda," and "Miscellanea Pœtica," 2 vols. in 1, small 8vo, morocco, London, 1653. First editions. $810.

Lafayette (Marquis de). Portrait, life size half length, painted by Charles B. King at the time of Lafayette's second visit to the United States, 1824-25. $1,150.

Longfellow (H. W.). "Evangeline," 12mo, levant by Chambolle-Duru, Boston, 1847. First issue of the first edition, author's presentation copy to Ferdinand Freiligrath. $815.

The Sporting Magazine, and *The Turf Register*, together, 158 vols., 8vo, levant, London, 1792-1870. A perfect set. $1,250.

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Walt throws the first draft of "Leaves of Grass" into the sea. One of the drawings for "The Magnificent Idler," by Edward A. Wilson, illustrator of "Full and By."

The Phoenix Nest

THE book we elected to slip into our pocket today when we went out to lunch was a new, slim, smooth blue volume by *A. P. Herbert.* * * * This time Mr. Herbert is all in rhyme. The title of the book is "Laughing Ann, and Other Poems." Our sprightly English friend Gilbert-and-Sullivanizes,—well, Gilbertizes, at least! * * * We have found a new and wonderful sandwich shop across the street, and with a Vanderbilt Special before us and Herbert's slim volume held in one hand, lunchtime passed cheerfully. * * * Someone ought to set most of these "poems" to music. "The Introduction; or, Trot Away, Mr. Clay," for instance, sings itself into one's soul:

Trot away, Mr. Clay—you are much in the way;
The band, you'll observe, has begun.
There's a girl by the wall with no partner at all,
But Miss Fish is provided with one.
There's another one there who is taken, I swear,
With your muscular beauty and fitness,
But there's something I wish to explain to Miss Fish,
And we shall not insist on a witness.

Oh, doesn't it strike you
Miss Fish doesn't like you?
Away, Mr. Clay, trot away!
But there's somebody here
Who is dying to meet you,
She's rather a dear,
Come along—she won't eat you!
I want you to know,
Miss Amelia Blow.
This way, Mr. Clay!
So glad to have seen you—Good-day.

* * * How often, oh how oft, we have longed for such words to express how we felt! * * * A prose selection that has equally pleased us is *Milt Gross's* own, which was written for the meeting of the Associated Book Travellers on April 27th, a meeting at which he spoke. Thus the invitation:

Oo-hoo, nize pipple—make gradually a preparrotness you should hall come by de boidday poddy from de Assusshiated Book Trevellers wot it'll gonna be Toozday Hapril twanty-savan twalf-toity shopp in Hotel Commodore wheech'll gonna mock de foist year from de axesstance so'll de Assusshiation a "Nize-Baby"—Is no?

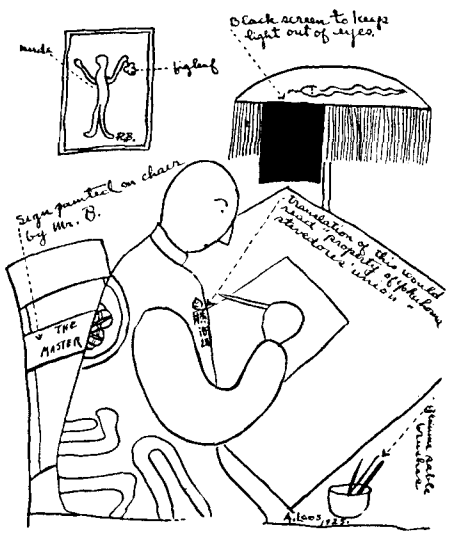
Werry trooly by you, Milt Gross.

* * * Somewhere in this column today you will find Mr. Gross's drawing of "The Greedy Fisherman," which appears in his book, as also *Miss Anita Loos's* own drawing of her illustrator, *Ralph Barton,*—a marvelous likeness. * * * The latest addition to Dutton's "Broadway Translations," is "The Complete Poems of *Catullus*" translated and edited by *F. A. Wright,* M. A. Cantab. * * * Mr. Wright also draws on translations by *Crashaw, Cowley, William Morris, Landor* and others. * * * But now 'tis Spring, and with the balmy airs of April—"balmy airs,"—what were we talking about!—floateth in, nevertheless, a note from *Stoddard King* of *The Spokesman-Review* of Spokane, he who authors "What the Queen Said." * * *

My dear Phœnician:

Ever so many thanks for the kind words relative to "What the Queen Said," but if I'm an Oregon colyumist, you're a Harvard poet. And that's what the King said.

* * * Good heavens, *did* we sav Oregon! As penance we shall set ourselves tonight to learning the boundaries of the state of Washington. No wonder our young son is not doing so well in geography at school! The sins of the fathers—! * * * A long Yale cheer with three Washingtons on the end! * * * By George! * * * The price just recently paid for the movie rights of "An American Tragedy" is said to be unparalleled in the history of the Pictures. * * * And *Sinclair Lewis* held a watch on God out in Kansas City and God never struck him by lightning *at all.* * * * Would you think he would? We wouldn't. We like him. * * * And we wish to congratulate old *Folger MacKinsey,* "The Bentztown Bard," whose column in the Baltimore "Sun-paper" has now run for twenty years! THE PHŒNICIAN.



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